

# THE FIELD AFAR



MARYKNOLL



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# Universities, Colleges, and Schools

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# The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America

## THE FIELD AFAR

THIS paper is the organ of the Society at home and abroad. It is issued monthly except in the summer when a special enlarged July-August number is published.

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MARYKNOLL

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**THE DEATH OF SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER ON SANCIAN ISLAND**

*This is a reproduction of a very rare print, after the painting of G. B. Gaulli*





# THE FIELD AFAR

MARCH, 1930



## A LEAF FROM SANCIAN'S PAST

*Adapted from the French of Bishop Guillemin*



FOR a period of over three centuries after Saint Francis Xavier's death and burial on Sancian, no systematized attempt was made to evangelize the isolated fisher-folk of the Island. Then Sancian became part of the territories of South China entrusted to the care of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, and in 1867 Bishop Zephyrin Guillemin, Prefect Apostolic of Kwangtung and Kwangsi Provinces, paid a visit to the Island. This apostolic missionary had longed ever since he reached China in 1849 to make a pilgrimage to Sancian, but the difficulty of the trip and the dangers from pirates who infested this section of the South China Sea had hitherto foiled his efforts.

On reaching Sancian, Bishop Guillemin's heart was stirred by the sight of the ruined monument which marked the spot where the Apostle of the Orient was first buried in 1552. He also felt a strong attraction for the crude, but likeable inhabitants of the Island. He appealed to friends of the missions in France, and met with a generous response. By 1869, a Memorial Chapel, a parish church, a mission residence, and a school had been erected on the Island. Bishop Guillemin, in a letter to the Directors of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, describes as follows the blessing of the Chapel, which took place in 1869:

Many persons from Hong Kong, Canton, and Macao made known their desire of attending the ceremony, so we chartered a steamboat, which was at once filled with pilgrims. Among others were the President of the Hong

### XAVIER'S PRAYER

In union with Thy sufferings  
On Calvary's blest Tree,  
O Christ, thru Mary's stainless hands,  
I offer unto Thee  
Myself for those redeemed souls,  
Which Thou preparest for me.

Oh, sanctify me for their need  
And for Thy Glory's sake;  
My daily life more like to Thine  
In every aspect make,  
That others from my blameless life  
May good example take.

In all my daily actions, Lord,  
Grant me heroic grace;  
In sorrows, teach me by Thy love  
My Calvary to face,  
And, in humiliations' midst,  
My trust in Thee to place.

Work freely in my soul, O God,  
(For self-will I resign)  
And of Thy labors let the fruits  
So plentiful be mine,  
But ever, in Thy justice, Lord,  
The glory all be Thine.

*M. A. Churchill, M.M.*

Kong Supreme Court, the Austrian Consul General, the Italian Fathers of the Hong Kong Mission, the Jesuit Fathers of Macao, fifteen priests of our Society, and Sisters from the various institutions in this section of the country, with their young pupils. In all, we numbered about two hundred Europeans, and one hundred Chinese Christians.

In the wake of our ship came one of the viceroy's gunboats, having on board the secretary from the French consulate. He had been ordered to represent his Consul and the French Government at this important religious ceremony.

We left Hong Kong at noon on Saturday, April 24, 1869. By nine in the evening, we were opposite the Island, and caught sight of the Memorial Chapel, its graceful tower outlined against

the sky on the summit of the promontory from which it overlooks the bay. The guns of our ship announced our arrival, and Father Braud, the missionary of Sancian, answered by shooting off some small cannons. The bells of the churches were also rung, in honor of the joyous event which had brought so many pilgrims to the little Island in the South China Sea.

The blessing of the Memorial Chapel took place at eight the following morning. It had been constructed at the cost of great difficulties, especially since all the building materials had had to be brought from a distance by sea. But all the difficulties had now been overcome, and we saw before us a pleasing little Gothic Chapel, the architect of which is Mr. Hermite, who is also responsible for the plans of the Church in Canton. The Chapel is not large, it measures only sixty feet in length and thirty in width, while the height of its tower is not more than seventy feet. But its lines are pure and graceful; and its position on the rocky promontory makes it a striking feature of Sancian's landscape. In the exact center of the Chapel is the spot where the Apostle died. A stone slab six feet long and two wide marks the precise location, and the inscription on this slab is perfectly intact. It reads:

**Here was buried Saint Francis Xavier of the Society of Jesus, Apostle of the Orient. This stone was erected in 1639.**

When the Memorial Chapel had been blessed, I said Mass, assisted by Father Raimondi, Prefect Apostolic of Hong Kong, and by Father Osouf, the Procurator General of our Society. Many of the pilgrims received Holy Communion during the Mass; and after the Holy Sacrifice had been offered, Father Rondina, one of the Jesuits who were present, spoke in moving terms of the virtues and glory of Saint Francis Xavier. At the close of the ceremony, a *Te Deum* was sung; a *Te Deum* of joy and thanksgiving to Him Whose Provi-

PROMOTE OUR LORD'S INTERESTS



A JUNK ON ITS WAY TO SANCIAN ISLAND

*The distance between the mainland and Sancian can be covered in a very short time with a motor boat, but up to the present Maryknoll missionaries, even the Sisters, have been obliged to travel by junk*

dence had alone made possible the Chapel on Sancian.

The ceremony which we had planned was hardly over, when it was followed by another, both touching and picturesque. Hearing the piercing and strange notes of Chinese instruments which appeared to be coming in our direction, I inquired what was taking place. I learned that representatives from the five principal villages of the Island were on their way to the Chapel, and that they were coming to offer their congratulations, and to share in the rejoicing.

A few moments later, five groups of old men ascended the hill leading to the Chapel. Each group was preceded by the musicians of their village, and followed by men carrying on a table an enormous roast pig, trimmed with flowers. When they reached the Chapel, they were brought to me, and saluted me with profound bows, according to Chinese custom. They said that they represented their villages, and considered it a privilege to convey to us the sentiments of respect in which we were held by the inhabitants of Sancian. They added that the people welcomed our presence on the Island, and begged us to accept the roast pigs, as a slight mark of the affection they bore us.

In the evening, four other villages sent similar delegations, so that it could truly be said that the entire Island had shared in our celebration.

It is impossible to convey here the deep impression caused by this entirely spontaneous and unforeseen demonstration on the part of these poor people. Not only we ourselves, but also the many English and Americans among the pilgrims, found it a thrilling experience. For days afterwards, the pilgrims spoke of the old men, their white beards, their pointed hats, their startling emaciation, and the enormous roast pigs which they brought us out of their poverty. One of the foremost persons in Hong Kong said to me, "Monseigneur, it was the most splendid success you could possibly have had. You must be very happy, and, though I am a Protestant, I congratulate you with all my heart."

It was, in truth, a precious manifestation of the gratitude of these poor islanders toward Father Braud for all

the help he had given them, and a touching proof of the affection which the people of Sancian bore their missionary. The fisherfolk of Sancian are constantly harassed by pirates, and Father Braud had made their troubles his own. He had even helped them to protect themselves, with the aid of four small cannons and some thirty antiquated guns which I had forwarded from Canton.

But, for us, the most consoling aspect of this manifestation had been the hope which it had given us of the time when the True God will be worshiped on Sancian, and when all its inhabitants will abandon their idols, and recognize as their King the Master for Whom Saint Francis Xavier laid down his life on this lonely, wave-beaten little Island.

### Maryknoll's First Mission

(By Fr. Taggart)

YEUNGKONG is the oldest American Catholic mission in China. Its up-building has been sanctified by the saintly Father Price. One other priest of more than average holiness, and a good Sister have also given their lives that its barren soil might bear fruit. For a time, it seemed as if this city on the South China Coast was ready for conversion; schools, an orphanage, an old folks' home, and institutions for the sick and needy were started—even a

On Sancian, the little wave-beaten island off the coast of South China where Saint Francis Xavier closed his apostolic career, two Maryknollers are laboring to preserve and extend the Faith. Give them and their flocks a remembrance in the Novena of Grace.

PUT MARYKNOLL IN YOUR WILL

preparatory seminary had its inception there. From 1920 to 1925, Yeungkong was a bee-hive of mission activity. It is an old saying among missionaries that a priest's first mission is the place that always holds his affection. Yeungkong was my first mission, and perhaps I saw it with the eyes of an enthusiast.

Certainly, on seeing it again in the year of grace 1929, it presented no picture of mission activity. The grounds on the side of the mission that used to be filled with school boys at play were filled with weeds, and what passes for vegetables in Kwangtung. The schools were empty; the orphanage was closed; the convent that used to house a group of zealous Sisters was the meeting place for all the birds and bats of the city, who flew in and out its broken windows; the old folks' home was hopping along on one leg, with a decrepitude which surpassed that of the oldest member of the organization. The priests' house was in such a condition that, when the curate sneezed on the third floor, the pastor on the second had visions of a rising typhoon; and when he went out on the porch to take the "necessary" exercise, we swayed like a palm tree. It did not take long for us to decide that the house with the fallen arches needed supports, and needed them quickly.

The first repairs went into the chapel. This was painted a marvelous bilious blue, of a shade that would make a perennial optimist down-hearted. I do not claim to be a Titian in the fine use of colors, but even the blind girls in the home must have felt that blue. The church followed the lines of architecture made famous by the "Little Red School House". You had to be one of the initiated to really know it was a chapel, at least from the outside. The arcana has been destroyed, and, if we say it ourselves, it now looks like a church.

On March first, we reopened the home for abandoned babies. The first day two were received, and they have been coming in a steady stream since that time. Some of them, of course, become "thieves of Paradise", but with a decent diet and proper care, many of them can be made citizens of Christ; for, after all, missions are built on the living, not on the corpses of the dead.

Again, it is hoping a little too much from the pagan neighbors to expect them to get enthusiastic about an institution whose biggest out-put is a daily parade of baby coffins.

We now have more than a dozen babies in the crèche who are over a hundred days old. They were anything from one-half a day, to two days old when we received them. According to a local notion, if a child survives one hundred days, nothing can kill him or her. We have one boy—it is rare indeed when the Chinese release all claim

on a boy. He was supposed to be dying, but he is well now, and John is the pride and joy of my heart. I have given him out to a local woman to be taken care of. It is not good for one boy to have so many sisters—he is liable to grow up with a voice like a soprano.

A good crowd came in for the feast of Easter, and a better crowd was on hand for Pentecost. In spite of all the direct persecutions of the Church, and the indirect ones which have taken the



FATHER TAGGART BAPTIZING IN THE YEUNGKONG CHAPEL  
*Last year, within the space of eight months, one hundred and fifty abandoned babies were baptized at the Yeungkong mission. The Baptism of Mary Josephine, shown above, is the one hundred and fiftieth*

**SPREAD YOUR FAITH**



form of ridicule of the Christians, we are still making catechumens. The chief obstacle we encounter in this work is the lack of capable catechists. Some of the teachers in religion here are hardly a lesson ahead of the pupils. We have several excellent Catholics in the mission, and they would make fine catechists; but at present they are all holding down jobs better than any I could afford to give them.

This evening we have seen the last of the masons and carpenters. They were always an expense, and often a nuisance, but they were necessary, and, now that they are gone, one can readily perceive the good they have done. In a material way, the mission is on its feet again. Every building on the mission compound is in good repair, the house is one of the best we have in the Kongmoon Mission, and the grounds have been brought into such shape that I do not think it is an exaggeration to say that Yeungkong at the present time is the best looking mission I have seen in South China. The pastor is "broke", and so is the curate, but both are glad they were able to hold out until the jobs were finished. We can both appreciate St. Francis' love for Lady Poverty, but, when the bills come in for the blind girls, the orphans, and the old folks—to say nothing of the on-hand but hardly operative catechists—while I still like Lady Poverty and realize what a ton of mischief she can keep a man out of, I must say I feel the promptings of fickleness, and wish some good soul would introduce me to Dame Fortune.

Every Catholic in this country should be a member of the Pontifical World-Wide Mission Aid Society, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. A dollar a year will secure this membership, besides providing an offering for needy missions in the homeland.

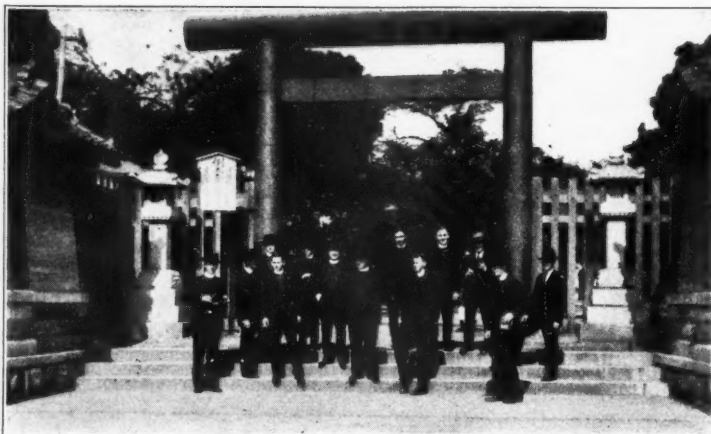
The spiritual advantages granted by the Society to its members are very generous.

**Notes By the Way**  
THE National Director of the Association of the Holy Childhood distributed last Christmas seventy copies of Fr. Considine's "Window on the World", a fine souvenir of the great Mission Exhibit, held at Rome in 1925.

The Saint Michael Parish Burse (Lowell, Massachusetts) is the first Parish Burse on our list to be completed in the Archdiocese of Boston. This has been made possible through the generosity of the pastor, Rev. John J. Shaw; his assistants, Rev. T. J.

who have spent some years in this house of God among the Pennsylvania hills. One of our latest group of missionaries to the Orient was successively student, camp councillor, and professor at the Vénard. He writes:

At Hoboken all boarded the train for Scranton. Monday was happily spent at the Preparatory College in Clarks Summit. There I saw many of the familiar faces before which I had sat so many hours of the preceding year as professor. Pleasant indeed was the renewal of the friendships formed with all our old acquaintances at the Vénard, and we were happy to see so many new



THE 1929 MARYKNOLL MISSION GROUP EN ROUTE  
*This photograph was taken in Tokyo at the Shrine of the Soldiers. Three Canadian missionaries and a Buffalo layman are with the group*

Heagney; Rev. J. F. Lynch; and Rev. A. G. Madden; and the wholehearted coöperation of the parishioners.

There is an association of prayers for the conversion of China, Japan, and adjacent places. We mention it from time to time, and we are happy to record that a goodly number of Maryknoll friends have joined spiritual forces with this praiseworthy movement. If you can do likewise, write for information to *The Trappist Monastery, Gethsemane, Kentucky*.

Our Vénard Apostolic College is not easily forgotten by those

faces with lofty ideals brightening their eyes.

For many of the boys, ours was the first departure for the missions that they had ever witnessed. Bishop O'Reilly gave a fine address, in which he stressed the ideals of a foreign mission vocation, and the intense training necessary to equip a boy for so difficult a life. He told the boys that work, prayer, and recreation must go hand in hand, and that no one of them must be allowed to usurp too large a place.

It was hard to leave the Vénard that evening, for the year I had spent there as a professor, the first of my priestly life, was one of great inspiration to me.

THE FIELD AFAR stays at one dollar a year.

SUBSCRIBE FOR A FRIEND

## Disturbances In Our Kaying Sector



CALM BEFORE THE STORM  
*Fr. Malone is his own artist  
in times of peace*

SINCE Maryknoll missionaries first went to the Kaying Mission, the Maryknoll sector has been a haven of peace, though the surrounding districts, entrusted to the Paris Foreign missionaries, suffered much from the Reds. Last October, conditions changed. The regular soldiers who had been protecting the region were called away, owing to disturbances in another part of China. The Communists who had been laying waste the missions of the German Dominicans in Fukien Province, to the north of the Maryknoll Prefecture, seized this opportunity, crossed the boundary between the two Provinces, and overran the Maryknoll field.

The Reds, several thousand strong, passed first close to the Maryknoll Siao Loc mission, of which Fr. Hilbert of Rochester, N. Y., is the pastor. Fr. Hilbert got away to the mountains, but the Reds did not stop at Siao Loc. Their objective was Kaying city. In the absence of Msgr. Ford, Fr.

**Fifty cents will list you or yours as a Maryknoll Associate.**

Downs of Erie, Pa., was in charge at Kaying. He sent the seminarians to a place of safety, and awaited events.

The Communists took Kaying city on October the twenty-fifth. Their first action was to release all the prisoners in the jail. They looted, and burned, and held meetings in the streets. During one of these meetings, they announced their intention of burning the Catholic mission. But God decreed otherwise, for regular troops were rushed to Kaying, and drove out the Reds before they had time to accomplish their purpose.

In the meantime, Fr. Downs, with Fr. Gleason of St. Louis, Mo., and Fr. Eckstein of Milwaukee, Wis., had gotten away to the mountains, where a Christian gave them hospitality. Fr. Donnelly of Lansdowne, Pa., had been sent with the seminarians, to look out for them. When the missionaries in the hills learned that the Communists had been driven out by the regular soldiers, they thought that all was safe, and returned to Kaying.

Within three days, the Reds were again in Kaying. When they had been driven out by the regular soldiers, they had dodged into an inaccessible mountain stronghold, and there waited till the soldiers passed on. Having evaded their pursuers in this way, they descended again upon Kaying. The Maryknoll missionaries were once more able to escape to the mountains. Among the ranks of the invaders, a bob-haired girl Red, who rode a horse and carried a gun, was a prominent figure. The few regulars left in Kaying were fortunately supplied with several machine guns. They quickly got into action, and towards the end of the day again drove the Communists out.

The Reds then marched in the direction of the Maryknoll Shak

Chin mission, of which Fr. Patrick F. Malone of Brooklyn, N. Y., is pastor. A letter just received from Fr. Malone tells what took place there. The letter reads:

It was noon on All Saints Day, and I was sitting at my desk writing a letter. I happened to look out of the window, and was surprised to see a lad running across the road, who was soon followed by a man and a woman, both of them also running. I did not wonder long, however, for my cook came rushing in at that moment, crying, "Father, Father, soldiers!" It dawned on me that I was trapped by the Reds. I ran to the church to consume the Blessed Sacrament. While I was consuming It, the Reds were banging at the entrance.

I thought first of concealing myself somewhere on the property, but finally decided that the better course would be to climb over the back wall. This I succeeded in doing by means of a ladder. My catechist had thoughtfully loaned me his umbrella. I held it low over my head, and mimicked the short, rapid step of the Chinese. On my way out of the town, I encountered two groups of Communists. As I could not turn back, I boldly walked between them. They saw me, but did not recognize me.



FR. MALONE'S ALTAR, NOW  
DESTROYED

Red "doctrine" was written on the walls

**PRAY FOR MISSIONS**

Further out in the fields, I overtook my catechist, and we got away to the hills, where we spent the night in a pagan's house. Looking down on Shak Chin, we were able to see the soldiers keeping guard about the church, watching lest I escape. The good pagan gave us comfortable lodging and an excellent meal, refusing to take a cent in return.

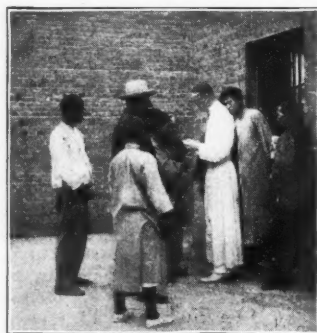
On the following day, word reached us that the Reds had gone on, so we returned to the mission. The church and house were completely ransacked. The Communists had destroyed what they did not take away. They had vented their rage in particular on the church vestments, the sacred vessels, the crucifixes, and the tabernacle, which was smashed. About three hundred of the Reds had spent the night in the church, which was in an indescribable condition. Red "doctrine" was written on the walls, inside and out of the church.

The invaders had searched for me in every corner, and had left untouched only the books on my shelves. All my bedding, clothing, and other personal property had been stolen. The Chinese tell me that the Reds had with them a German missionary of the Lutheran Mission in Kaying. The captive's hands were tied behind his back.

Nobody knows how the situation will turn out. It is thought that the regular soldiers may be called away from this section, because of political disturbances farther north. If so, the Reds may return here in greater strength. I know that you are keeping us in your prayers at this very critical time.

Msgr. Ford, who had been recalled to the Maryknoll Center for the first General Chapter of his Society, sailed for South China in January. His presence there during these difficult times is especially reassuring since Msgr. Ford has been in China since 1918, and has a thorough understanding of the Chinese mentality. He has escaped a number of times unscathed from the pressing hospitality of Chinese bandits; and, if it is within the power of anyone to appeal to the better feelings of Chinese Reds, Msgr. Ford is the man to do so.

## Along the Line



BROTHER BENEDICT BARRY  
*At Fushun, he receives and dispenses*

### MANCHURIA, LAND OF OPPORTUNITY

Fushun—  
(Bro. Benedict)

YESTERDAY our attention was called to a man lying against the mission wall, suffering from one or more of the dreadful diseases which seem to be so prevalent here in China. He was an emigrant from Shantung, who had come to Fushun looking for work. Fr. Gilbert arranged with the Japanese hospital to take the case. At first they refused, but afterwards agreed to take the man, assuring us that they would be glad to take care of any cases we might bring in the future. We were happy to receive this good news, but later in the day the hospital authorities changed their minds, and sent the patient back to the mission; and all our hopes went up in smoke.

Something had to be done; the patient was again lying on the road outside the mission compound. Fr. Gilbert once more appealed to the hospital, and after much "talking price" they arranged to admit the patient at a fairly reasonable rate for the first three days, and from then on to treat him gratis,

#### MISSION S-O-S

##### Household Needs:

Dish towels, sheets, pillow cases.  
Table cloths, napkins.  
Knives, forks, spoons.

##### Church Needs:

Candlesticks, crucifixes, vigil light stands.  
Stations of the Cross, thuribles, boats.

until he was cured. We hope his stay in the hospital will not be long, for all these charity cases—and we have many of them—are a financial burden on the mission, and we have no fund for this particular work.

How we wish we had a small hospital of our own, or even a good-sized dispensary, where we could take care of these cases ourselves, and doubtless at a much smaller cost. We have mentioned this need in all our appeals, but they seem to have fallen on deaf ears. However, we still keep on hoping and praying that some day we may have a Maryknoll hospital, or a large dispensary in Fushun.

The No. 1 doctor at the Japanese hospital told Fr. Gilbert that nothing would please him better than to have a hospital of his own, where he could take care of charity cases. Since his ideas are so much like ours, we are encouraged to feel that perhaps the Finger of God is here. The doctor seems interested in the Church, and promised to visit the mission in the near future. We pray that he may receive the light of Faith. And so we feel that these little acts of charity—although a great expense—will result in much good, over and above the promised reward for a cup of cold water given in His Name.

Dairen—

(Fr. Gilbert)

I HAVE been substituting in Dairen for Fr. Tibesar during three months. My experiences while in Dairen have been varied and worth while.

My first Sunday in Dairen, a Japanese Protestant girl, whom I expect to baptize on the feast of the Assumption, came all the way from Fushun, a distance of about two hundred English miles, to have us baptize her grandmother, who is at the point of death. The old lady felt the approach of death, and asked for some one to guide her soul to heaven. I told the family that the only sure guide is the Catholic priest. This they firmly believed. As the good old lady was baptized some few years ago in Japan by a Presbyterian minister, I baptized her again conditionally. I returned the following day, and had her make the Profession of Faith before two witnesses. Then I heard her confession, and anointed her. The woman seemed to gain

**SUPPORT A CATECHIST**



strength immediately. The day after, I brought the Blessed Sacrament to her. It was her first Holy Communion in eighty-seven years.

Another consoling experience was the return of a lost sheep, a Chinese who fell away some thirty-two years ago and married a pagan. The loss of two children, and a sickness which brought him to death's door, caused his speedy return to the Fold of Christ. Today, two children and the pagan wife are under instruction. The Bishop granted all the necessary dispensations, so that the man is once more in line with the Church. He travels about eight miles every day in order to make his visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and this after ten hours of hard labor in a local machine shop. It is cases such as these that make our life on the missions worth while, and stimulate us to greater zeal.

#### THE MASTER'S WORK IN KOREA

Ka Heung Ni—

(Fr. Leo Sweeney)

**K**ONG MAGDALENA, age five, stretched out on the straw mat here in front of me, says, "It's cold". But she's only saying that to make conversation, because it's like a day in summer, as I well know, having just enjoyed the walk over from Ko Hak Ni, my last stop. I am visiting the scattered Christians of my new parish, and if this five year old youngster quits distracting me (by rattling the straps on my hand bag and inspecting the red *Chi-Rho* on my cincture), I'd like to have a chat with you while comfortably seated here on the chapel floor, waiting for them to bring in the little table with a big bowl of rice on it. There will also be several little saucers, containing a piece of dried fish, some Korean relish, and perhaps an apple, and a pair of boiled eggs—and, who knows?—maybe the gypsy-like old lady, now busy with her preparations over the clay fireplace, is boiling up Korean chestnuts for our delectation!

I'm thirty miles from Chinnampo. I ministered to the Christians in three villages on the way up, and have five more to cover before returning. Here at Ka Heung Ni there are about sixty Christians, and I'm interrupting this letter every few minutes to return the

**A MARYKNOLL ANNUITY**  
means annual or semi-annual interest of at least five per cent paid regularly to you in consideration of your gift to Maryknoll. We shall be glad to furnish further information if desired.

salutation of one or another, as they arrive.

Let me say here, before it slips my mind, that I had a fine sleep last night, thanks to Fr. Pospichal's invention, a flea-proof sheet; and to the native Sisters at Chinnampo who made me a Korean mattress and quilt for the trip. To the praise of Ko Hak Ni, be it said that there were no fleas there until I arrived, and left the critters that I had accumulated at Ha Long and To San Ni. Today I haven't a flea on me, and am in high hopes of another good night's rest, after I've examined the Christians (from the old men and women down to the ten year olds) in the catechism and the prayers, and heard their confessions.

2:00 P.M. They brought in the dinner so suddenly that I didn't have time to sign off. It was fine.

7:00 P.M. The third effort—this one by candle-light. I've just pulled the bench with the candle on it a bit closer, and still the light isn't fit to write by, so I'll just say a word and

good night. I've had a busy day, especially in the afternoon and evening, putting old women and young ones, and big men with whiskers and little ones without them, through their prayers. Not as tiresome a job as you might think. The fact that the constant repetition of the same thing is impressing the Korean catechism on my own mind makes it interesting. I'll know most of the catechism by heart before I get back. Here come the Christians to renew the attack. Forty more confessions to hear, and then a good night's sleep—I hope!

Gishu—

(Fr. Ray)

**E**PIPHANY was a happy day for all of us here at Gishu. It was a big Feast for our Christians, and we might add that these Korean Catholics have a fond affection for their feast days and are, perhaps, better acquainted with the calendar of the Church than many of their Occidental brethren.

On the Eve of the Feast, there were an unusually large number of confessions, and the following morning early, an hour before the Angelus, we had more. These people for the most part have no timepieces, and follow the sun in their daily life. Therefore, at times, they are bound to anticipate things a bit, and rap on our window at five in the morning; the rap being a signal for



WHEN THE FIELD AFAR ARRIVES IN KOREA

*All are interested; children cry for it; dogs lap it up. Find Jiggs the parrot*

**GET THE MITE BOX HABIT**

Sacraments, be it for Extreme Unction or Penance.

Before the Mass there were three Baptisms, two of which must be credited to the zeal of Chung Muin, our greatest benefactress at Gishu.

After Benediction, we went out to baptize a dying man, whom Christian neighbors had been caring for and instructing in the Faith. Poor old fellow, he had learnt the Sign of the Cross, and kept repeating the words over and over again, during the ceremony. There was plenty of inspiration there for a newcomer like myself.

Returning to the house, we found a dying baby awaiting us. The mother had brought the child to the Convent for treatment, and Sister, seeing the condition of the baby, asked the mother if she were willing to have it baptized. The mother was perfectly willing, and Sister sent her over to us. We baptized the child "Thomas". Why not? He died that night; another Thomas for Heaven. Maybe he will whisper a few prayers for this Thomas.

So passed our Epiphany at Gishu. We did not notice any improvement in our Korean accent, but we did have a happy Feast.

#### HAPPENINGS IN THE KONGMOON VICARIATE

Tung On—

(Fr. Rauschenbach)

LAST week, we thought for about three hours that our mission in Tung On was going to be blown completely off the map. We were washed and swept by the worst typhoon that has struck this section in eighty years. How we spent those three hours between nine P.M. and midnight would take too long to tell in detail, but I assure you that with the brick walls shaking like a paste-board box, and the

#### CONCERNING YOUR WILL

IT may, of course, include benefactions to one or more works for God. Maryknoll does not look for a large share, but, if its work appeals to you, here is the proper form for your bequest:

I give, devise, and bequeath to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, incorporated under the laws of New York State, and so forth.



WHEN WUCHOW STREETS ARE FLOODED

roof tiles clattering down upon our heads, not to mention the downpour streaming through the roofless rafters, life was far from uninteresting. We several times sprinkled holy water; but the wind refused to abate, though our walls remained standing, which was something to be thankful for.

For three solid hours, the wind and rain continued. Finally, at midnight, things quieted down, and a sickly, pale moon came out to reveal the extent of the damage. At first we thought we were living on an island; all we could see was water. The whole lower half of the property was three feet under water and our stone wall was down in about fifteen places, with big rents torn in it, fifteen and twenty feet wide. One small house, where we stored lime and timber and cement in preparation for building, was flattened out like a pan-cake; and the house where we are living was roofless. Fifteen of our best trees went down also. We had the consolation of companions in misery in the morning; we were only one of many to suffer, everyone in town seemed to have been hit. The folks all took a day off, and went around to see the extent of their neighbors' damage.

Sun Chong—

(Fr. Cairns)

TO write this report of the day's doings, I had to sharpen my pencil with a file.

I said Mass at *Tso Kong* (Shepherd's Hill) this morning, and tore down superstitious papers and joss house accessories in the home of a catechumen. Then I saw an imbecile girl of eighteen, who wants to find room in a Catholic institution. After rice, I hopped on my bike, and pedalled to *Shui Po*, where I took a bus to *San Tai*, and pushed the bike through mud and rain to *Yuen Taam* (Circle Springs). There I talked with the catechist for an hour. Old Mr. Maan is biding time, and holding the fort. The people are on a religious strike, because we changed Sister Ngan, the native nun who had been instructing the women and girls of the village.

Leaving *Yuen Taam*, I pushed onward, but the mud impeded progress. I was obliged to dismount three times when the mud clogged up the wheels and mud-guards, and I finally washed the entire bike in the friendly rice fields. This enabled me to plough onward past Rivermouth to Vast Waters (*Kwong Hoi*), where I arrived just before dark.

I was soaked through, so I took a sponge bath, washed my clothes and hung them up to dry. Unfortunately, I had no change of clothes, and none were available at *Kwong Hoi*.

I'm now dressed in a tablecloth, and am falling asleep, so I'm awa tae my board bed.

I wanted to tell you about this missionary's day.

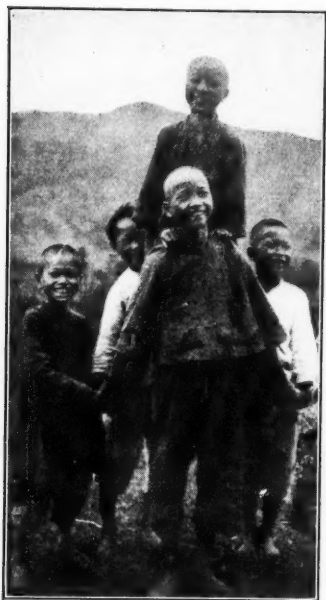
Yer ain,

Sandy.

#### AMONG THE HAKKA CHINESE Shak Chin—

(Fr. Malone)

OUR little community here at Shak Chin is progressing nicely. This year, unlike the last, I have had many requests from pagans desiring to study the Catholic doctrine. On my last visitation of the Christians in the out-missions, I picked up a few young pagan lads, fine fellows. I don't know whether I got them interested in the Church because of my horse, or because of the swimming and fish pond we have, or because of our "human" dog, Collie, or



*The lads were there, but where should I put them? (See page 74)*

our little bicycle, or our pigeons and drums and swings, and what not; but, anyhow, I have now at the mission eight or nine pagan lads. The lads were there, but where should I put them? I solved the problem by turning the only spare room I had upstairs into a dormitory and study room.

After all is said and done, that's why we're in China and other pagan countries, namely to attract pagans, to teach them, and to take them away from the worship of their granduncles and other false gods. But, so far as Shak Chin is concerned, we have little or no room at present for those who are willing to give up their superstitions.

Therefore, dear reader, if I only had two hundred and fifty dollars! Then I could build a little dormitory and school for catechumens, and would have a better opportunity for telling more pagans of the beauties and joys of the Catholic Faith. God bless you if you can help, and God bless you also if you cannot.

#### PROGRESS IN KWANGSI

Wuchow—

(Fr. Kiernan)

THE other day, I discovered very interesting maps of the city of Wu-

chow, showing the wide new thoroughfares already built, and those projected. One of the latter is "projected" almost directly through our servants' quarters and chapel. What price progress!

Fr. Tessier of the Paris Foreign Mission Society stopped at Wuchow, on his way home from the first vacation he had had in Hong Kong for ten years. He has been a missionary in Kwangsi Province for over twenty-seven years. From 1905 to 1911, he was pastor here in Wuchow.

He claims that there was a Catholic chapel here about two hundred years ago, near the North Gate, which was probably built by the Augustinian Fathers. No trace of this chapel could be found by the French missionaries, and, at the present writing, even the North Gate has disappeared. Fr. Tessier compares the difficulties of mission work in Kwangsi with the hardships experienced by the early missionaries in Tongking. May this field one day bear the spiritual fruits now produced by Tongking.

Fr. Tessier has had many experiences during his work in China. For a period of over two years, he and a Chinese priest were isolated in the mountains by strong bands of brigands, and for all that time he did not once see a white man.

Some of his converts have come from a queer sect of Buddhists, called the "Fasters", for they never take meat or fish, being strict vegetarians. These converts became Catholics through a pagan school teacher, of not too good a reputation. The teacher had read doctrine books at a village in another dis-

trict, and knew a good deal about Catholic beliefs. When he came to a village in Fr. Tessier's district to open a school, he was impressed by the rigorous regime of the fasting Buddhists. One day he got in conversation with one of the leading men of the village, and told him that their practices were all futile, at the same time explaining the Catholic religion to him. He so convinced this village elder that they both went out and had a meal of meat together—it being Friday!

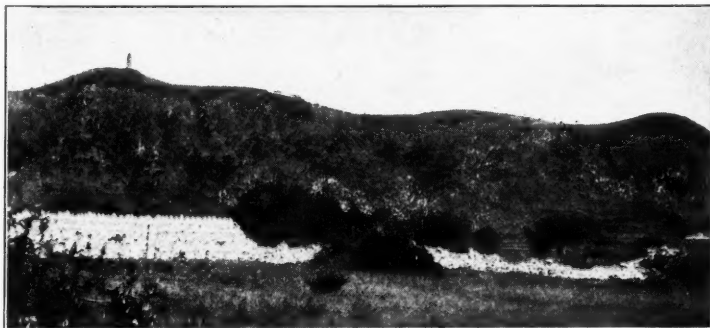
Soon after, this elder sought out a Catholic missionary, our present guest, and asked for Baptism. When Fr. Tessier heard of the banquet of meat on Friday, he remarked dryly, "You might have selected a better day." At present there are over two hundred Catholics in that village, where Fr. Tessier is returning to resume his apostolic labors.

#### IN A PORT CITY OF CHINA

THE priest who goes to a foreign land in search of souls is always happy to be of service to laymen who, in one capacity or another, are likewise far from home. Fr. Kiernan of Wuchow writes:

Today the local natives were surprised to see the officers and a goodly number of the crew from a French river gunboat march into the compound to attend Mass. They were in full regalia, minus the accoutrement of war. I said a special late Mass for them.

This is the second contingent that has come for Mass from the French men-o'-war in the past month. Evidently religion is coming back to the children of the Fairest Daughter of the Church.



WHEN THE BIG WIND STRUCK THE TUNG ON WALL

*Our stone wall was down in about fifteen places, with big rents torn in it, fifteen and twenty feet wide*

READ MARYKNOLL BOOKS



## Father Kress on the Trail

**L**AST fall, Father William S. Kress, once of the Cleveland Apostolate, and, more recently, Maryknoll Superior in Honolulu, left for the Orient to give a series of retreats to his confrères—as also to the Maryknoll Sisters “along the line”.

Before entering the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Fr. Kress had been privileged to make the world tour. His impressions after a lapse of years are now recorded, and will certainly be welcomed by our readers:

It was a pleasant experience to meet the Maryknoll Sisters in Honolulu, and there, too, I found our Los Angeles Japanese Scout Master, Bro. Philip.

I could not linger long with these old friends, but I regretted that they were not at work among the Japanese. However, the Hawaiian Islands have many Japanese, and fresh contacts are sure to come some day.

The journey beyond Honolulu proved uncomfortably hot, and the boat did not cool off until we ran into the customary storm passing over the Tuscarora Deep, the lowest depression known in the seas, about two days this side of Yokohama. The smoothness of the sea permitted daily Mass. The only rough morning was on a Sunday, when Mass was said in the steerage for two hundred-odd Filipinos. I had a Baptism, and Fr. Bridge a burial during the trip.

At Tokyo, we were taken under the wing of Bro. August Walter. We threaded our way through the narrow streets of the capital city by motor car. I used to think that crossing the business section of Los Angeles tried the skill and nerve of a driver; but Tokyo presents a harder problem, with pedestrians, oxen teams, a horde of rickshaws, and an ever-increasing number of autos crowding narrow lanes. We viewed the new temple with its steady stream of worshipers. When will Tokyo crowds visit the Blessed Sacrament, instead of idols?

At Kobe, we trans-shipped for Dairen on a small, but comfortable Japanese boat. The journey through the

### THE TRUTH ABOUT CHINA?

Learn it for yourself, through the pages of two books which record the experiences of Americans in the interior. These volumes are entitled **MARYKNOLL MISSION LETTERS**, and the price for the two is only five dollars.

famous Inland Sea was a succession of delights, as we passed countless wooded islands, each tempting the voyager to stop over for a quiet, peaceful rest. Of special interest to us was the Island of Hiroshima, made famous through the visits of St. Francis Xavier.

At Dairen, we were met by Frs. McCormack and Mullen. We found Fr. Tibesar saying the late Mass at the pretty Japanese Church, built since his coming here three years ago. Besides the church, he has also a roomy residence, and a convent that will accommodate twelve Sisters. It is hoped that the success of the Maryknoll Los Angeles Japanese Mission will be better than duplicated here.

Dairen is a Japanese city as to government, being included in a slice of Southern Manchuria leased to Japan for ninety-nine years by the Chinese government. The population is dominantly Chinese.

Japan is devoting large sums of money to the improvement of the harbor—now the second largest, as to ship-

ping, on the farther side of the Pacific. The South Manchurian Railway, connecting Dairen with Mukden, compares with America's first-class lines.

Dairen has two Chinese Catholic parishes, both in their infancy, besides the substantial Japanese parish of Fr. Tibesar. Fr. Mullen has charge of one of the Chinese parishes; and a native priest of the other.

Fr. McCormack was a kindly host at Fushun, and a generous provider. It was good to see so many Maryknoll priests gathered together in their happy family reunion at the retreat. Fortunately, the central house was large enough to accommodate all.

On the day following the retreat, we were shown the coal field on the outskirts of Fushun, that is being worked on a large scale by Japanese. The vein of coal varies in thickness from eighty to four hundred and twenty feet, and extends over many miles. Two of our priests at Fushun had known something of coal mines in their younger days, but they had seen no veins of soft coal before above a dozen feet in thickness. These are strip mines, the coal lying close to the surface. The strip itself contains oil shale, out of which economical owners are actually distilling oil. They have erected a huge plant within Fushun. The process, new to all of us, was explained by an attendant.



AT THE CLOSE OF THE MARYKNOLL RETREAT IN FUSHUN, MANCHURIA

*Father Kress gave this retreat, which was attended by Maryknollers from Manchuria and Korea*

**STRINGLESS GIFTS ARE BEST**

## A Maryknoller to Ethiopia

THE special extraordinary mission to Ethiopia sent out from Rome last November by the Holy Father was composed of four members—His Excellency Archbishop Marchetti; Msgr. Tisserant, Secretary of Oriental Languages at the Vatican Library; Fr. Yupin, a Chinese priest who is Professor of Chinese Literature in Rome; and a Maryknoller, Fr. Considine. On his return to the Maryknoll House in Rome, Fr. Considine wrote to the Home Knoll:

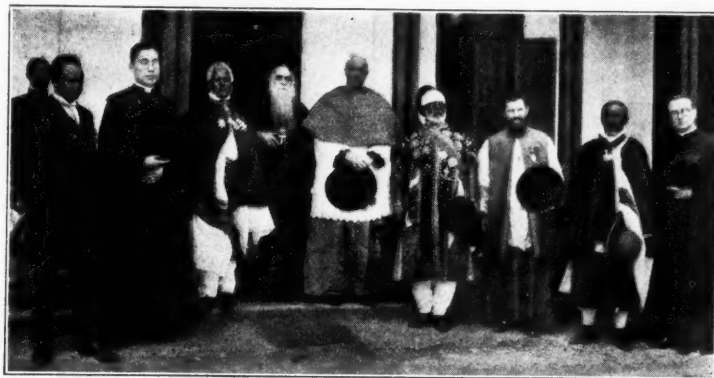
Ethiopia, with the Republic of Liberia the only free soil on the African continent, has been Christian ever since the fourth century, long before great portions of Europe were converted. But it has remained completely cut off from the rest of the Christian world.

Ethiopia was converted by St. Frumentius, about 330 A.D., but later fell into heresy, and the Ethiopian Orthodox Church was set up. With the Moslem conquest of the Near East, Ethiopia was cut off from Europe, and could communicate with Egypt only with difficulty. For centuries, it fought most bravely against Moslem aggression, and deserves all praise for its loyalty to Christianity.

Roman Catholics in Ethiopia number at present about 12,000; out of a total population of ten millions. Three missionary societies are at work in the country, the French Capuchins, the Italian Consolata Society, and the French Lazarists. About a quarter of a century ago, anti-Catholic parties had Bishop Jarosseau, the chief representative of the Church in the country, expelled from the capital, and he had never been invited to return.

The present *Negus*, or King, of Ethiopia, Tafari, is a very progressive monarch, who is prudently introducing Western ideas. He is not going to make the mistake Amanullah made in Afghanistan of plunging ahead too rapidly, but, bit by bit, he is bringing in twentieth century methods. The result is that his country today is a strange mixture of the middle ages, and the sidewalks of New York.

King Tafari received the papal mis-



THE PAPAL MISSION AT ADDIS ABEBA

*Fr. Yupin*      *His Excellency Archbishop Marchetti*  
*Bishop Jarosseau*      *Msgr. Tisserant*      *Fr. Considine*

sion with full official honors, and took this occasion to invite Bishop Jarosseau back to Addis Abeba, the Ethiopian capital. The bishop's public reception may not mean complete freedom for the Church in Ethiopia, but it does represent a very promising attitude on the part of the highest authorities.

Bishop Jarosseau has been nearly half a century on this mission field, and is a worthy successor of Cardinal Massaia, who worked in the country over thirty years, and of the Lazarist, Father de Jacobis, who did so much in northern Ethiopia.

The Ethiopians impressed us at every turn by their intelligent aspect and bearing, and by their natural grace. The people are not of negro origin, though there is now much negro blood in the country, and in many ways they reminded us of typical Europeans. Surely this nation tucked away in eastern Africa is a strange phenomenon that can excite our interest on numerous counts. It is now feeling the call to fraternize with the nations of the world. It will be interesting to watch it, ecclesiastically and civilly.

FROM A NATIVE SEMINARIAN  
ENCLOSED in a recent letter from Fr. Taggart, now pastor in Yeungkong, we find a communication written to him by one of his young parishioners, *Ly Kong Kam*, now a student of Philosophy at the General Seminary

of Penang, Straits Settlements.

This boy writes a clear hand and in English. For the pleasure of our readers, we reproduce his letter:

When I received the letter from Fr. Bauer, he told me in his letter that Fr. Taggart is now in Yeungkong.

When you went away from Yeungkong to Tungchen, I also went to the Seminary at Canton, and I wrote very few letters to you. After I finished my study in the Seminary, Canton, I went back to Pakkai to visit my Bishop Walsh. Then as you were in America, so I could not see you before my arrival to this college. Now you stay in Yeungkong again, and you are my parish priest. So I am very glad, and I write this letter to you in English because I want to learn it, and I think you will be very happy to receive it.

Now the distance is very far from Yeungkong to this College. I can't see you, unless by this letter.

I thank you very much for the benefits I received from you when I was in Yeungkong; now it is in the same, because you pray for me that I may get on very well with the help of God.

More than a year ago, I arrived here, and one part of Philosophy is finished, and still another part remains for this year.

I hope you will pray for me always that I may be able to study well, and I may persevere my holy vocation.

I am, your affectionate son in Xto,  
Ly Kong Kam.

PLEASE RENEW PROMPTLY

## THE FIELD AFAR

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**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS  
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**

**MARCH**—Saint Joseph's month. The silent guardian of the Virgin of Virgins and of her Divine Child is beloved by missionaries wherever they are. To his intercession we are, certain that Maryknoll owes much of its success.

**THIS** month will register also the feast of the *Annunciation*. May we look to those who would see the apostolic army multiplied to ask our blessed Lady to guide to Maryknoll, if not to some other training house for missionaries, an ever increasing number of fine young souls? They must be sterling—we need the best for the great work at hand.

Let us amend and do better those things in which we have sinned through ignorance: lest suddenly prevented by the day of death, we seek time for penance, and be not able to find it.—*Esther XIII.*

**AND**, while we are on this subject of prayer, we note that the growingly popular *Novena of Grace* comes during March. In the prayer of this novena there is place for a particular intention, and, since the novena is born of devotion to Saint Francis Xavier, we of Maryknoll would welcome an intention for the conversion of the people on Sancian Island,

where Saint Francis Xavier breathed his last. Descendants of pirates, and unfortunate in other ways, the Christ of Xavier's love is yet to most of these people a stranger. The priest in charge will be heartened in his labors by the consciousness of our prayers.

When you fast, be not as the hypocrites, sad. For they disfigure their faces, that they may appear unto men to fast. Amen I say to you, they have received their reward.—*St. Matthew VI, 16.*

**THE** feature article of this issue of *THE FIELD AFAR* was prepared by Bishop Walsh, before his return to China. Its subject, "Sancian, a Place of Sacred Memories", is one that has become very dear to the heart of this first Maryknoll Bishop. With the responsibility of striving to reach the souls of these islanders in the South China Sea, Bishop Walsh has steeped his own soul in the life of Xavier—and would communicate to others, as far as he can reach them, his own affection for this saint who loved God for *Himself* alone.

**WHEN** this issue reaches our readers, Bishop Walsh will have returned to his beloved flock, and resumed the missionary's life. He came to Maryknoll last summer, at the call of his Society, to assist at its first General Chapter. He was physically weak—alarmingly so—but thanks to kind friends, Bishop Dunn especially, aided by New York superior medical and nursing care, he left us in apparently fitter condition than he had been in years. May he keep what he has gained, and push on with his apostolic work!

**ANOTHER** delegate to the General Chapter returned with Bishop Walsh to the land which has already called for ten years of their still young lives. This other was Father Ford, now Monsignor and Prefect Apostolic of Kaying, a section of South China which has been visited by the

*Reds* during his absence. Msgr. Ford will find one of the missions in his Prefecture completely pillaged but, unless a more recent attack has been made, he will find church and house standing—and in any event we are certain that he will find the morale of his priests unbroken.

**BISHOP WALSH** and Msgr. Ford have been singularly privileged to have with them on this return voyage the Rt. Rev. Auxiliary of New York, Bishop John J. Dunn. *FIELD AFAR* readers are well aware of Bishop Dunn's interest in foreign missions. From 1904, until his consecration, Bishop Dunn, as Diocesan Direction of the Propagation of the Faith, gave his time exclusively to the mission cause. His new position, with varied and ever increasing duties, would have justified him in a complete withdrawal from his former occupation, but he loved it too well to give it up, and to this day continues his active interest. Maryknoll, in many ways, has benefited by the keen interest of New York's Auxiliary Bishop, and this, his second, visit to the missions will bring joy to Maryknollers along the line.

Lay not up to yourselves treasures on earth, where the rust and moth consume, and where thieves break through and steal. For where thy treasure is, there is thy heart also.—*St. Matthew VI, 19-21.*

**FEW**, even among their friends, are deeply concerned about the physical surroundings and nourishment of Catholic missionaries. Mothers, of course, if they be yet upon this earth, are anxious for the health of their priestly sons, but most of us are thoughtless. We do not realize distant conditions, or possibly we feel that a missionary is supposed to be poorly housed, and badly nourished.

At times, it is true, he must be so circumstanced, but the missionary owes it to his work and to his Society to prolong his useful ca-



reer, and to avoid, if possible, conditions that would lessen his efficiency, or render his body a prey to the germs around him.

Bishop Dunn has sensed this need. His observation of conditions and of individual missionaries suggested to him the idea of a house where Maryknoll missionaries, when run down, could recuperate. On his return to New York from his first visit to the Orient, incidental to the Australian Eucharistic Congress, he made an appeal through the *Catholic News*. There were responses from good-hearted and sympathetic readers, but their purses were slender. Happily, the Bishop's appeal fell under the eyes of Mr. George MacDonald of New York City (who has been recently made a Papal Marquis by Pope Pius XI). Mr. MacDonald had lost by accidental death a much beloved brother, and, to the memory of this brother, he has agreed to build a Maryknoll Rest House for South China. The house will be used for several purposes, but the care of run-down missionaries will be its special concern. It will be located in some safe and healthful spot, within reasonable reach of medical care, if needed.

LAST month, Maryknoll celebrated the birthdays of two Generals. General Washington's, February the twenty-second, was followed two days later by that of our Father General.

Almost nineteen years have passed since he and the late Father Price received the sanction of Pius X to found the first American Foreign Mission Society. Since then, under God, Father Walsh has been privileged to witness a quickening of foreign mission interest throughout our country, which has produced a promising harvest of vocations, and has evoked an encouraging response from our Catholic laity to the spiritual and material needs of the missions.

Though the passing years have added to his burdens, our Father



SAINT PATRICK  
*Reproduction of a statue in the  
New York Cathedral*

General still retains his characteristic buoyancy, and has imparted to his spiritual sons that something which defies analysis, but which passes for the Maryknoll spirit. Ad multos annos!

A Burse made up of offerings—among which not a few are sacrifice offerings—from Catholic college students is a blessed gift to Maryknoll, and it is our pleasure to announce the completion of the Mt. St. Vincent College Burse.

Mt. St. Vincent College is delightfully situated on the Hudson,

Lovers of St. Patrick—we are among them—will feel somewhat humiliated to learn that for fifteen years Maryknoll has been building a Burse to the honor of the great Apostle of Ireland.

The figure to be reached is Five Thousand, and we have actually gathered \$4,355.47. You who love St. Patrick will certainly help us to "push the Burse over the top", NOW.

MISSIONS NEED SCHOOLS

and visitors to Maryknoll coming by train from New York pass its doors. It was established a year before Maryknoll was founded, and has an enviable student enrollment.

THE San Francisco *Call Bulletin*, commenting on recent conditions in China, published the following editorial under the caption: **BRAVE MISSIONARIES**

Recently, in China, twenty-two Catholic priests have been killed by bandits and unrestrained soldiery.

All men, everywhere, should pay honor and reverence in their hearts to those twenty-two missionaries who saw no reason to leave their posts in a warlike land merely because the times had become hard and it was dangerous for them to do their duty.

We are certain that our own co-religionists will note with satisfaction this tribute to the priests, young and old, who represent them so unselfishly beyond the frontiers.

When thou dost alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doth; that thy alms may be in secret, and thy Father, Who seeth in secret, will repay thee. —St. Mattheew VI, 3-4.

THEY "work too hard", they "are too economical", their "families are too large". These are the objections commonly launched against our Japanese friends in this country. "This country" may be better expressed as the Pacific Coast, and especially California, where Japanese number over seventy thousand of the population.

Catholics are at liberty to criticize in their fellow man what would militate against a reasonable standard of living, but certainly no consistent Catholic can blame the Japanese, or any other people, for following the laws of nature.

To just such people the earth should properly belong; and, as the years go by, history will record the disappearance of other peoples, who lived only for their generation and for themselves.

# Sancian :: A Place o

By the Rt. Rev. James E. Walsh, I.M.



STATUE OF SAINT FRANCIS  
XAVIER ON SANCIAN



MARYKNOLL is receiving one of the most precious sanctuaries in mission lands," said Cardinal Van Rossum when the Island of Sancian was placed under American care.

A trim little revenue cutter weighed anchor, and put out for the open sea; the little group of American globe-trotters gathered aft to take a last look at the island they had just left—only a

tiny island in the South China Sea. A lone man stood on the beach; he was waving a farewell. One of the group broke the charged silence. "How lonely he looks, the only white man in the island." The speaker was Bishop Dunn of New York. The object of his solicitude was Father Burns of Toledo, Ohio, the pastor of Sancian Island.

People might wonder why a young priest is living seemingly alone on an isolated island. They might wonder also why the spot is the focal point for tourists, who ask about its location immediately on landing in Hong Kong. Pilgrimage has followed pilgrimage, and each has sought to outstrip the other in doing honor to the little spot.

Sancian is the mecca for missionaries. It is a lodestone to the devout Christians of the Orient. Why? The answer is simple, and unique. The answer is "Xavier". The soil is sacred there. It was made so by the death of a Saint. Sancian Island is the place where Francis Xavier, the greatest missionary since the Apostles, breathed his last.

## The Coming of Xavier—

After Vasco de Gama had discovered the Cape of Good Hope route to India in 1497, the Portuguese were the first to open up Oriental trade. They settled at Goa in India. China was closed to the foreigner; the best the Portuguese could do was to get a concession to

moor their ships at the barren little Island of Sancian. Neutral ground for Chinese and Portuguese merchants, Sancian might well have proved the vestibule to the Middle Kingdom, the starting point for the ultimate conversion of China. This was the hope which led Xavier to its shores.

In August, 1552, the Portuguese fleet was anchored in the Sancian harbor, doing business with the Chinese merchants who brought foreign goods to China in exchange for precious Chinese articles of barter. Xavier, accompanied only by a Chinese interpreter, arrived from Malacca, aboard the Santa Cruz. The tenure of the stay of the Portuguese merchants on Sancian depended entirely upon the sufferance of



WHEN BISHOP DUNN AND HIS COMPANIONS VISITED THE ISLAND  
AS GUESTS OF BISHOP WALSH



MARYKNOLLERS ARRIVING TO TAKE OVER THE

# ace of Sacred Memories

Walsh, I.M., Vicar Apostolic of Kongmoon

the local mandarin, who at any moment might bear down upon the small foreign fleet, and expel the traders without ceremony. The Portuguese were not at all anxious to endanger their status. It was death, or worse, to land on the mainland. When Francis proposed a visit to China, he heard the wordly wise reply that the Chinese jails were already crowded with Portuguese who had attempted to get a footing in the Middle Kingdom.

Ridicule might have carried force with weaker men, but not with the Apostle of the Orient, who, since the Portuguese refused their aid, bargained with a Chinese ship owner for passage to Canton. The Chinese accepted the bargain money, and then failed to re-

appear. The time came when the trading season was at an end, and the Portuguese ships left the harbor. The Santa Cruz alone remained, waiting expectantly for the Chinese junk owner to bring the sainted Father to Canton. Meanwhile, a friend named Alvarez had shared the hospitality of his lean-to with Xavier; and several pious men had managed to construct a rude little straw hut to serve as a chapel.

## The Death of an Apostle—

Difficulties arose without end. The Chinese interpreter, having forgotten his native language, lost courage with renewed opposition and disappointment. Fever had greeted the man of God upon his landing in Sancian; it sapped his strength, and toward the middle of November he had a recurrent attack of the dread sickness which was to bring about his death.

The Portuguese moved the sick man on board the Santa Cruz, in the hope of relieving his distress. Xavier felt acutely the tossing of the boat, and returned to the shore, where he was taken back to the rude shack of his friend Alvarez. He was twice bled to alleviate the fever, according to the medical practice of those days; but he grew worse steadily.

The hands that had opened for so many the portals of Heaven were now



PILGRIMS AT THE SHRINE

to be stilled. The body that had been scourged and macerated, torn by fever and a Saint's zeal, was now to enter into its rest. Only Antonio, the Chinese boy, was with him at the very last; and it is to him that we owe the account of the death of our Saint. Soon Francis could do no more than repeat his favorite ejaculations: *O Beatissima Trinitas; Jesu, Fili David, miseremini mei; and Monstra te esse matrem*. At the close of his agony, Xavier raised



KE OVER THE SPIRITUAL DIRECTION OF SANCIAN



THE MEMORIAL CHAPEL AS SEEN FROM THE STEPS OF THE MISSION CHURCH

his Crucifix toward the China mainland (toward Hoi Ngan, and Chik Kai, where Maryknollers are now at work), lifted his eyes to Heaven, and, with the final humble cry, *In te Domine speravi, non confundar in aeternum*, entered upon eternal rest.

Xavier had breathed his last, dying a typical missionary death, abandoned, and practically alone. Lesser Christians have had more consolation on the threshold of eternity; no doubt needing it more. It was, to the best of our calculation, three o'clock on the morning of Friday, December second, 1552. Only four attended his obsequies. And this is why Sancian is unique, and will ever remain the Shrine par excellence of the Far East.

#### The Field Lies Fallow—

In 1554, an edict of the Chinese gov-

**Stringless gifts are the most welcome at Maryknoll. They leave us free to apply the help where the need is greatest.**

ernment forbade the Portuguese to trade at Sancian. This edict was the result of the visits of large numbers of pilgrims, who sought out the lonely island to pay their respect to the sainted apostle. Long years elapsed. In 1639, the Jesuits visited the place, identified the spot where Xavier was first buried, and built over it a little memorial chapel. Mission work was attempted spasmodically, but was stamped out in the various persecutions.

#### Arrival of French Missioners—

Due to the constant persecutions, no serious evangelization of the island was

begun until 1853, when the Paris Foreign Mission Society took over the South China Missions. Bishop Guillemin was made Prefect Apostolic of this immense territory, and in 1867 he visited Sancian, and prayed at the scene of Xavier's death. He found the Cross and the ruins of the old monument, erected after Xavier's death. In that same year, the construction of the new Chapel was begun. The stones for the Memorial Chapel were brought from Canton, a distance of one hundred miles.

In 1877, three Bishops, from Malacca, Canton, and Hong Kong; together with thirty-six priests, representing ten Missions, went to Sancian, and the pilgrimage was marked by the erection of the granite statue of Xavier. Meanwhile, Bishop Guillemin had placed a resident missionary on the island; the first priest was Père Braud. Christianity at Sancian was developing, and there were one hundred catechumens on the island mission. Too, there was a tradition at Sancian that Xavier had delivered the island from tigers with his Crucifix. The place of his burial was called "Very Holy Mountain", and the people were accustomed to mix dust from the hillside with water, to cure any and every form of sickness and disease.

#### Another Dying of the Seed—

In 1884, the war between France and China resulted in scenes of pillage and destruction at Sancian. The Chapel was sacked, and the cross on its summit was torn down. Local Christians were attacked, but the officials arrested the ringleaders, and ordered that the Chapel be protected. A period of twenty years followed during which there was no resident priest on the island, and the saying of the Curé of Ars, that no Christian people can be left alone for a generation without reverting to paganism, was fulfilled at Sancian.

#### A Valiant Worker—

In 1904, a resident missionary was again assigned to the island. He was Father Thomas, a young apostle newly arrived on the missions, eager, enthusiastic, and burning with love for Xavier and for souls. Father Thomas was not royally received. His future flock met him on the shore, and showed signs of hostility, appearing with arms and in a



THE GATEWAY TO THE SANCIAN CHURCH

*This photograph was taken on the occasion of a wedding. Through the gate may be seen the chair in which the bride was carried to the church*

THE FIELD AFAR IS READ



pugnacious mood. The French priest set out for the camp of the enemy, marched into the stronghold of the opposition, and demanded why he had been met with clubs and firearms. He then visited the local mandarin, and secured soldiery, his most efficient argument. As for the leaders of the demonstration, he had them put in jail. His Sancier pastorate had begun.

From 1904 to 1923, Father Thomas expended his best energies on Sancier; he slaved for his people. What alms he could beg, borrow, or wheedle from his friends in France, he employed in building up the young, struggling mission. He had French and Chinese priests as assistants; he had the cooperation of splendid Chinese Sisters, and a good supply of catechists. Instruction was given; but the material was poor. The island dwellers appear to be interested only in material things, and it requires a slow, laborious, and lengthy novitiate before Christianity can take root in their darkened hearts. In 1924, Maryknoll took over the mission.

#### Maryknoll Beginnings—

An incident of Maryknoll's first two years on Sancier was the capturing of Fathers O'Melia and Rauschenbach by a notorious bandit leader. The Fathers had gone to the bandit headquarters, in the hope of persuading the pirates to abandon their plan to loot everything lootable. They received a cold reception, and were asked to stay, even against their wishes. The priests enjoyed bandit hospitality for an anxious week; after which rescuing gunboats, both Chinese and American, effected their release.

It was because of Xavier that Maryknoll chose Sancier as the scene of the consecration of its first bishop. On May twenty-second, 1927, hundreds of pilgrims from the mainland witnessed on the sea girt little island the anointing of the first American-born bishop to be consecrated on China's soil.

#### Trust in God—

Spirituality is the hope of Sancier. There are hopes of some day having a contemplative order of men stationed on the island. The reply of the Trappist Superior to Maryknoll's petition, "I cannot say yes, but I will not say no," keeps alive a spark of hope. Trap-



FR. O'MELIA AND SOME SANCIAN HOPEFULS  
*While Fr. O'Melia was stationed at Sancier, he and Fr. Rauschenbach were captured by bandits. Their experiences are described on this page*

pists are perhaps the answer for the prolonged fight that must be waged to draw the poor island folk to a better realization and appreciation of the Gospel.

The Shrine of Xavier, the spot hallowed by the great Apostle's death, which has drawn pilgrims since 1552, is the real lure of Sancier. It was the appeal which, in October, 1928, drew Bishop Dunn and his party to the island; and, when they were asked if they would go to the mission or the Memorial Chapel first, Bishop Dunn responded, "The Shrine, of course! What else did we come to see?" It was dur-

ing this pilgrimage that Bishop Dunn, Father Cushman of New York, and Dom Adelbert Gresnigt, the well-known Benedictine architect, conceived the possibilities of converting the antiquated and dilapidated Chapel into a worthy memorial to Francis Xavier. Dom Adelbert promised to paint a fresco of Xavier's life for the walls of the rejuvenated chapel that is to be. Bishop Dunn, with Father Cushman, who has since gone to God, undertook to finance the repairs.

And so the young priest who stood alone on Sancier's shore, waving a farewell to visitors from the States, had a dream—he saw, and continues to see visions. Though apostasy has decimated his flock, though there are determined efforts being made to undermine the vestiges of Christianity on the lone isle, the waving padre trusted in God, consoling himself with the sure knowledge that his is the work marked out for him by the First Missioner, Christ Himself. And he knows that the isle blessed by the death of Xavier will yet blossom like the rose.

#### THE BELLS OF SANCIAN

*Translated from the diary of Rev. Eugene Thomas, Pastor of Sancier—*  
1915

THE Sancier mission formerly had two fine bells, one given by the Empress Eugénie in 1870 and named

Our Lenten plea this year will be applied to the training of boys, who, in the generosity of their young souls, are offering themselves and all that they have to the Apostolate of the Master.

Thirty pieces of silver does not mean much to some people. For others, it involves repeated acts of sacrifice. Such sacrifices will bring to Maryknoll not material help alone, but great spiritual aid, while, in the eyes of God, they will help to compensate for the treachery of men.

after that estimable lady, and another smaller one. It was a great loss when both disappeared in the destruction and pillage of the mission in 1884. The smaller one was later returned, but no clue was ever found to the sweet-voiced Eugénie.

It was in an extraordinary fashion that the hiding place of Eugénie was finally discovered.

Fr. Boniface Yeung was giving a mission at Taan On on the mainland, where a nearby village of thirty families sent its elders to seek admission to the Church. A catechist was sent to instruct them. The first thing he found was Sancian's bell, in the temple between two idols. After the proper inquiries the notables freely yielded up the bell, and the next day Eugénie took the road to Sancian, escorted by Fr. Yeung and some catechumens of the new village.

Eugénie had been a captive for thirty years. Obligated to serve Satan so long, she revenged herself nobly by calling to God her fictitious proprietors. Now she will resume her more congenial task of aiding her younger sister to call the Sancian Christians to prayer; for, although her cruel captors deprived her of her cross and inscription in order to hide their crime, they were unable to take away her silver voice.

Thus was Eugénie among the faithless faithful found.

Beginning on March eleventh and ending on March nineteenth, a Solemn Novena of Masses in honor of St. Joseph will be offered in the chapel of the Maryknoll Sisters. Special novena prayers will also be said during these nine days.

A shrine to the Provider of the Holy Family will be erected in the Sisters' chapel, where the intentions of Maryknoll friends will be placed. All Field Afar readers are invited to send in their intentions, and to share in the graces of this Solemn Novena.

Address:  
The Maryknoll Sisters  
Maryknoll, N. Y.

## Recent Happenings on the Knoll

### Ordinations—

RECENT ordinations added nine more priests to the Maryknoll roster, making a total of one hundred and thirty-three. The larger number of these were ordained by the Right Rev. Auxil-



(Photo by J. A. Bill)

RT. REV. JOSEPH H. ALBERS, D.D.  
*The newly consecrated Auxiliary Bishop of Cincinnati*

iary of New York, Bishop Dunn. Others received the sacred priesthood at the hands of His Eminence Cardinal Hayes, but, from time to time, we have been also honored by the presence of extradiocesan prelates, among whom were Archbishop Dowling of St. Paul, the late Bishop Cusack, the present Bishop Gibbons of Albany, the late Bishop Foley of the Philippine Islands, and the late Bishop Gauthier of South China.

This year found Bishop Dunn with Maryknollers in other lands, and His Eminence Cardinal Hayes just returning from his visit to Rome.

Ordinations were due, and it looked like a disappointment; but

Cincinnati came to our relief, and we were privileged to have as officiating prelate the most recently consecrated of our American bishops, the Rt. Rev. Joseph H. Albers, D.D. Bishop Albers was not a stranger at Maryknoll, and felt himself quite at home in these, his first, ordinations.

On this occasion, three candidates for the priesthood were also presented by Fr. Paul Francis, S. A., of Graymoor, N. Y.

Tonsure was conferred on nine others, and minor orders on two, all Maryknollers.

### Twenty-Five Nationalities—

"THIS place certainly exemplifies the Catholicity of the Church", remarked the Californian after inspecting the Maryknoll compound. He is quite right, because Maryknollers include no fewer than twenty-five nationalities (if we reckon the nationalities of the parents), and at least four races.

The largest proportion at present is made up of Irish-American ancestry, and the next, steadily mounting, of American or German parentage. French Canadians, coming third, are well represented, and we are pleased to note an ever increasing number. Most of the Maryknollers of French-Canadian ancestry are from New England. Several are already in Eastern Asia; among them Rev. Anthony Paulhus of Fall River, who holds the important position of Seminary Rector at Kongmoon, China.

Because we have emphasized three *stocks* at Maryknoll, let it not be thought that we lack others. We have names that recall Italy, Syria, Yucatan, Poland—and several other nations.

### Concerning Procurators—

WHO is this? This is the Procurator. What a strange word! Yes. It is not found in the bright lexicon of youth, though it hath been known to make strong men shudder. All are not called to

READ "A MODERN MARTYR"



THE DALY DOZEN  
Is this a Procurator?  
Yes, it is *the* Procurator

this estate. Like poets, procurators are born, not made.

But, what is a procurator? 'Tis he who, in a place like Maryknoll, makes the wheels go round—dynamo wheels, mail-truck wheels, water wheels, and the wheels of little wagons that ply twixt kitchen and dining room. He keeps the houses warm, and the ice-box cold; he feeds the furnaces, the seminarians, and the cows; he welcomes guests willing to take a sporting chance; he fetches the doctor or the vet., as the case may be. He is trouble man for a family of over three hundred (not counting the barn yard), and holds himself ready to answer an S-O-S any hour of the twenty-five that he needs in a day.

Nobody wants a procurator's job—especially himself. But it has this one virtue that, after it, anything at all, even foreign missions, seems sweetly alluring.

It is a rare procurator who can hold his job and his grin. Our "Proc.", Fr. Daly, can do both. And he does both so well that it would seem a pity to "waste" a good procurator like that on the missions.

#### The Million Dollar Council—

SO called, because that's what it wants.

Under the new regime, Maryknoll's affairs are directed by Fr. Walsh, Superior General of the Society, assisted by a Council of Four. Here you see the supreme court in solemn session. On the left, as you enter, is Fr. Drought, late of the Philippines; Fr. O'Shea, formerly of South China;

Fr. Walsh, of all the Maryknolls from the beginning; Fr. Byrne, hailing from Korea; and Fr. Lane, exiled from his beloved Manchuria.

The Council meets o' mornings, several times a week. In addition to affairs at the Maryknoll Center—the Seminary, publications, building operations, and so forth; it is also kept busy from afar by the mailman, who brings vocations to be considered; and a whole gamut of problems arising from the construction and maintenance of three Preparatory Colleges, two schools for the Japanese on the Pacific Coast, and varied mission activities in Hawaii, North and South China, the Philippines, and Korea.

Somehow or other, there always seems an answer to every problem, except the financial. Here, the kodak has caught the somewhat hesitant atmosphere of the moment, occasioned by a conflict for precedence among a large delegation of bills.

With one exception, our bills follow the same order as in an ecclesiastical procession, i.e., the little ones first, the weightier personages in the rear. The excep-

tion is when bills of high rank must drop out entirely and rest in peace for a month—being paid, as they say, *only in petto*.

#### The Major Seminary—

WHILE the main Seminary at Ossining, New York, is as yet incomplete, it is adequate for present needs.

The larger proportion of student rooms, reserved as memorials for benefactors, living or dead, have been taken; also several priest's rooms, and one of the class-rooms.

Yet awaiting benefactors are twenty student rooms, at five hundred dollars each; ten priest rooms, at eight hundred dollars each; and two class-rooms, at six thousand dollars. Any one of these will make a memorial not only worthy, but lasting, because Maryknoll is evidently "built to stay".

#### Corporation Reports

THE new fiscal year of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America (Maryknoll) opened on February first. The annual meeting of the Corporation took



THE MARYKNOLL COUNCIL IN SESSION  
Fr. Drought   Fr. O'Shea   Fr. General   Fr. Byrne   Fr. Lane

ADOPT A MARYKNOLLER

place as usual in New York, at the residence of His Eminence Cardinal Hayes, and the reports of the President and Treasurer, always listened to with great interest, were approved.

With a reduced building program at the Center, we were glad to show a decrease in our debt, and, during 1930, we hope to lighten still more this great burden. However, we realize that our building days are not over by any means. How happy we should be if they were! At least, we think we should be happy, because we could then help more substantially the missionaries themselves.

Years must pass before this dream can be realized. We shall not complain, because God has been very good to us from the start. "What lies ahead"? you ask. If you know the Maryknoll Center, you will recall three rough end-walls, out of which must yet come—the Administration Wing on the south and east, the Probation Wing on the south and west, and the Chapel on the north.

So much for the Center.

At the Vénard, our first Preparatory College, we have the satisfaction of seeing one unit substantially complete, including the Chapel. We simply had to go ahead, because we registered one hundred and fourteen students last fall, and we were obliged to house them. The debt on the Vénard stands at \$410,000.00, but we have something to show for the money we were obliged to borrow.

We may say the same for our Junior College at Los Altos, California. Thanks, however, to the signal help received from the estate of Father Joseph P. McQuaide, and to the cooperation of other Californians, encouraged by His Grace Archbishop Hanna, we have been able to finish the Chapel, and to go a long way towards the completion of this attractive building.

There is, of course, a debt on this property, but our California representative, Fr. Keller, he of

the sad (?) countenance, is confident that this can be gradually reduced, so that our Pacific Coast College will not be a burden to its mother.

And now, we rejoice in our new child, the Cincinnati little brother, born only last September, but already strong and promising.

We have him in a crib, a Bethlehem shelter, supplied by His Grace Archbishop McNicholas, and standing on the grounds of the Cincinnati Diocesan Junior Seminary. Some one must move him into a more commodious place, not so far as Nazareth is from Bethlehem, but into what will be his own home on this earth.

### San Juan Bautista

AT San Juan, Maryknoll has two representatives, one a priest, Fr. Caffrey, the other an Auxiliary Brother, Louis Reinhart. Br. Louis has several accomplishments, not the least of which is along photographic lines.

No "up and snap", "hit and run" camera fiend is this Brother of ours. He studies his background, his subject, his lights, and his shadows; and, when a photo-

graph comes from Brother Louis, it brings a real joy to the beholder. On this page we present one of Brother's pictures, a photograph of the old doorway to the San Juan Mission.

### Cincinnati Smiles

ALL quiet along the Midwest front, and Cincinnati's Maryknollers are smiling again! During the past week or so, one could see a fine collection of frowns here. Nothing serious—the school-boy's traditional bugbear, Mid-year Examinations, had descended upon us. As usual, they proved easier than the frowns would indicate; so all are smiling again, with a smile that won't come off—at least until the next examinations come along.

Our Christmas letters to our older brothers on the missions may have seemed like a message from home to them; but for us they proved a good investment, since letters are now pouring in, bringing us news of the missions, and binding us closer to the Maryknoll missionaries we hope to join on some distant day.

Speaking of the missions, chalk



AT THE OLD MISSION

*A famous doorway at the Maryknoll Mission of San Juan Bautista, California*

**SUBSCRIBE FOR A FRIEND**



up another red-letter day in the history of Maryknoll in the Queen City. We refer to the visit of our own Bishop Walsh, who stopped off on his way back to Kongmoon to look us over. He challenged us to a soccer game in the name of his Kongmoon seminarians; but, if we cannot arrange to play the game by radio, it looks as if it will have to be postponed until our mission debut.

Lest we forget, there is still a vacant place in our recreation room, which we would like to see occupied by a piano, new, old, or otherwise.

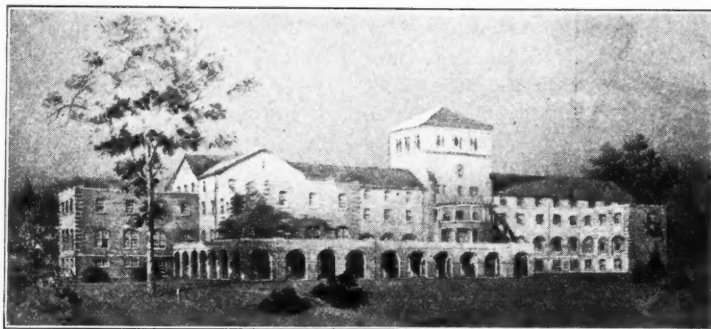
### A Letter from the Venard

OUR new chapel afforded us the first opportunity of holding a public Triduum in honor of our patron, Blessed Théophane Vénard. The Triduum marked the anniversary of his martyrdom, February second. The exercises were well attended by friends from Scranton and the vicinity. Mindful of the special spiritual relationship of Blessed Théophane to the Little Flower, who was so deeply interested in his mission and heroic death, we arranged that the devotions of the Triduum should also include this heavenly patroness of the missions and Maryknoll.

How fittingly these two missionaries suggest the fundamental needs of the modern apostolate; zealous labor in the field by other Théophanes, prayer and sacrifice at home by those to whom the privilege of actually going to the mission field has not been granted. More and more, we feel, there is a growing appreciation of this feature of the Little Flower's admirable life.

We are now occupying the new refectory, and have put the new locker and shower rooms into use. These occupy the basement of the new section of the college building, into which we had moved during the fall. No, these rooms are not the last word in appointments. It was imperative that we use them, for we had outgrown the temporary refectory and locker rooms; but, when we told the Treasurer of this need, he looked into his money bag, and then inquired, "What of it?"

However, he also scanned the horizon for possible gifts that would enable us



MARYKNOLL'S FIRST PREPARATORY COLLEGE AT CLARKS SUMMIT, PA.  
*This building is now complete, except for the cloister walk*

to finish these rooms, but, in spite of his usual optimism, he had to acknowledge that he could not see anything of that nature. He did admit there was something that was so far away that he could not make out very clearly just what it was, though it had the appearance of a gift from friends in greater Scranton. In the meantime, Brothers and students have devoted their skill in plumbing, carpentry, and plastering to making these quarters serviceable.

Washington's Birthday was the winter outing day. This year we took a short cross-country hike to Ford's Lake, where we are sure of a never-failing welcome. The large lake gave plenty of opportunity for most of the students to show their skill with

skates, and the more venturesome tried their luck with an ice-boat. Dinner, which was served in the big camp house on the shore of the lake, was only a respite from the winter sport, as immediately after there was a return to skating and sailing, until the homing call, was sounded.

Would you call February a liability, or an asset? It is always the shortest month, but our Econome avers that it is the longest coal consumer. On the other hand, it is the month in which we harvest a bumper crop of ice. As in other years, we were able to secure more than enough to care for our needs until winter returns. Among our needs, we do not include an electric refrigerator. We have too much fun cutting and hauling in the ice each winter.

### Thirty Pieces of Silver

**WHAT** better reparation for the betrayal of Christ by Judas, the unfaithful apostle, than the raising up of other apostles, who will serve the Master loyally in lands still pagan?

**If, out of love for the Wounded Heart of Our Divine Lord, you will place thirty pieces of silver in the Maryknoll Lenten Sacrifice Bag, its contents will be used toward the cost of the completion of our Venard Preparatory College in the Pennsylvania hills.**

**We have at the Venard over one hundred boys training to be American apostles, and we have been obliged to provide accommodations for the vocations which God has sent us.**

**By means of your Lenten Sacrifices, you can help us in the training of these zealous young aspirant missionaries, whose lives will be an atonement for the tragic faithlessness of the un-happy Traitor.**

SPREAD YOUR FAITH

### Seattle Notes

THERE are some two thousand Chinese in Seattle; of that number there has been but one Catholic, Mrs. Louise Eng. Today, her funeral was held from the Sisters' Chapel. A very respectful and dignified assemblage of Chinese and non-Catholic whites attended. Who knows? Louise may be the seed to bring forth fruit a hundred fold.

Our *Kankiukai* (nicknamed by Brother Adrian the KKK) has resumed its regular Wednesday night meetings. *Kankiukai* means "a men's study club"; the purpose of these particular KKK's being the study of religion. We are spending our evenings in the discussion of "Jesus Christ is truly God"; proving it from our Lord's own words, from His miracles, from the words of the four Evangelists, and from St. Paul's treatise on the Resurrection. Fr. Murrett speaks for a few moments in English; then Francis, the catechist, interprets this into Japanese. The last half hour of the meeting is used by Fr. Murrett in asking questions, or in proposing doubts, which the men themselves answer. A feature of the meetings is the Question Box, which has proved very helpful.

The wife of the Japanese Consul in Seattle is a sterling Catholic. She has impressed the congregation of the parish in which she lives by her weekly reception of Holy Communion, and by her charming personality. In order to understand better the missal, and the hymns of the Church, she is coming to Fr. Murrett for lessons in Latin. When she learns a new prayer, she is as delighted as a child with a new doll. Mrs. O. is of the royalty of Japan, but she has the simplicity of a little child, truly Catholic and strong in her confidence in God and her love of Him. She is another "Little Flower"; her life is hidden with Christ in God.

Fr. Murrett is back at his old job of plain chant again. He is teaching the school children to sing the Mass. They have no books, nor music, but they learn by heart the words and their meaning. Then Father sings part of it for them, and they follow.

### A Notable Gathering at Los Angeles

THE Holy Name Societies of Los Angeles, the largest Catholic organization in the diocese (some fifty-one thousand men), held their latest quarterly convention in the Maryknoll School. Nearly nine hundred men were present, including Bishop Cantwell of Los Angeles and San Diego; Hon. P. H. O'Neil, President of the Calpet Petroleum Corp.; Judge William T. Aggeler



SIMON SWEEPS—  
and yodels for Maryknoll in Rome

of the Superior Court; and Hon. Michael Shibasaki, Japanese Vice Consul of Los Angeles. It was the largest gathering of people ever crowded into the school hall. The speaker of the day was Major Dockweiler, who chose as his subject, *The Church and Her Missioners*.

The Maryknoll boys and girls entertained the assembly by presenting three Japanese drills. The

Japanese Boy Scouts furnished the music. It was most inspiring to hear the nine hundred men sing in our small hall the hymns for Benediction.

Through this gathering, Japanese of many faiths have had brought home to them the Catholicity of the Church, as they saw among these nine hundred men representatives from some fourteen different nationalities, and at least three races. They saw manifested for their own race a friendly feeling, more helpful and convincing than any words could express.

As the Sacred Host was elevated to bless them, all, Christians and pagans, bowed their heads. The Japanese Holy Name Society of this mission, and their non-Catholic friends present will remember this gathering.

### Collegio Maryknoll

ROME reports Father Considine in good condition after his journey to Ethiopia, where he went as member and secretary of a special commission appointed by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI.

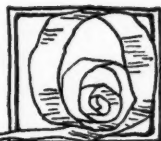
During Father Considine's absence, the *Collegio Maryknoll*, at 83 Via Sardegna, remained in good hands, its spirit cheered by a group of fine American priests, a little band of Maryknoll students, and a Tyrolean warbler, who yodels as he sweeps. Most important item of all—the latest cook has stayed on.

The *Collegio Maryknoll* at Rome is getting popular with American priest-students. There are rooms enough, in addition to those occupied by Maryknoll students (who have a floor to themselves), for eight outside priests. These rooms are occupied at present by priests from six dioceses: Rev. Peter Bartholome, Winona, Rev. William Shine, Cincinnati, Rev. Howard Smith, Cleveland, Rev. John Skelly, Brooklyn, Rev. Matthias Heyker, Cincinnati, Rev. William Gockel, Covington, Rev. Joseph Kelley, Providence, Rev. Patrick McLaughlin, Brooklyn.

SUPPORT A CATECHIST



# THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR LEAGUE



## Johnny Junior on Sancian Island

THE *Bluegown* hummed along merrily over the South China Sea. Father Chin and Johnny had finished their visit in Manchuria, and were heading for Sancian Island before visiting the other missions in Kwangtung. As they passed Hong Kong, a Navy balloon (a blimp or dirigible or something like that) was manœuvering over the city. The sight had a bad effect on Johnny, because it provoked another tune—

*"Putter, putter, little Zep,  
Tell me where you get your pep—  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a sausage in the sky?"*

Sancian soon came in sight, and Johnny scanned the shore for a good place to land.

"Just look at that surf, Father! Isn't it wonderful? I think we can drop on the beach down there."

"Who knows, Johnny, we may strike the very place where St. Francis died."

"Oh . . . did he die out there by the water?"

"Yes, he was lying out there when he died, alone with his Chinese comrade. St. Francis was looking towards the mainland and waiting for the boat to take him to China, so he could teach and preach to the people, among whom our missionaries are now working. The boat never came, and he died there on the shore."

By this time, they were ready to make a landing. Johnny brought the plane down, and it taxied for a short distance on the soft earth. They turned off the motor and hopped out.

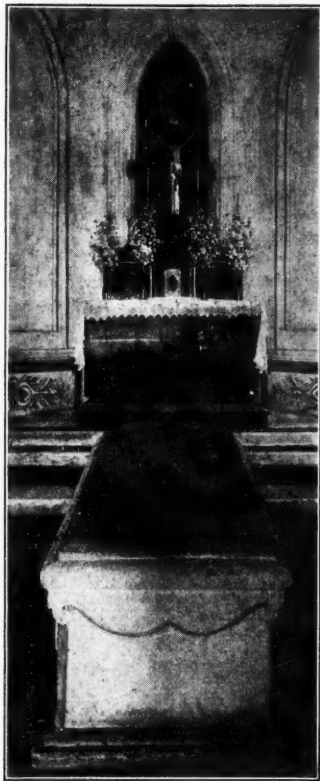
"Let's go up to the Memorial Chapel first," Father Chin suggested, leading the way.

"Say, Father, was St. Francis Xavier very old when he decided to be a missionary? Did he go to a seminary when he was only a boy as Théophane Vénard did?"

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Sing a song of birthdays,  
Johnny Junior's four and seven;  
He's the dearest youngster  
This far side of heaven!  
Want to send him something  
Just to make him grin?  
Get him new subscribers—  
Send them "care of Father Chin".

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CENOTAPH IN MEMORY OF  
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER  
In the chapel at Sancian

"No, Johnny, St. Francis was a brilliant young professor in France, and he had a great future before him with promise of fame and honor."

"Well, how did he ever decide to be a foreign missionary?"

"When he was becoming famous he met St. Ignatius, and they became close friends. Ignatius pointed out to him that the life he was living was all very fine, and that it certainly promised him fame, honor, friends and much pleasure; but he also made young Francis Xavier realize that the day of his death would be the end of all this world's honors and pleasures. He often quoted to him the words of the Gospel, 'What doth it profit a man if he gain the

whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?'

"His words made Francis reflect on his life. Francis also realized that the day of his death would be his birthday in eternity, and that it would be an eternity of happiness if his life had been spent in doing good. You know the rest of the story; how he joined the little Society that St. Ignatius was forming, and later on was sent to the East as a missionary."

"And is this the place where he died, here on Sancian where our own missionaries are working?"

"Yes, Johnny; it has become a place of pilgrimage. Our own Bishop Walsh came here to be consecrated. Sancian is to have a Rest House and Retreat House where our missionaries can come each year to renew their strength and zeal, and then return to their missions to carry on the work that St. Francis started."

"Well, here we are at the Chapel. Why, Father, look who's waiting to welcome us—it's the pastor himself!"

Father Burns looked quite as delighted as his visitors. It was the sunset hour on the South China Sea. After a visit to the Chapel, they took a stroll on the beach. The words of *Maryknoll*, *My Maryknoll* were running through Johnny's head, and it wasn't long before Father Burns and Father Chin joined him in the song of their Alma Mater. Above the roar of the pounding surf, you could hear them, tenor, bass and baritone—

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*To raise up sterling men for God,  
Maryknoll, my Maryknoll,  
Whose blood may stain the heathen sod,  
Maryknoll, fair Maryknoll—  
This is thy aim, thy sacred call,  
To bring Christ's Name and grace to  
all;  
God speed thee on to save man's soul,  
O House of God, my Maryknoll!*

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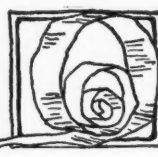
Sing a song of school days,  
Matters never seem to mend;  
Don't forget that lessons  
Have a purpose and an end!  
Now, when all is said and finished,  
Work and school and play—  
Just suppose they make of you  
A missionary on Sancian Bay!

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STUDY THE MISSIONS



# THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR LEAGUE



## DEAR JUNIORS:

Only a short time ago, I was reading over the life of St. Francis Xavier. It struck me more than ever how splendid a patron he is for all zealous young missionaries of our League. Even apart from his actual missionary work, he excelled in a quality all of us can imitate. His biographers call it zeal and perseverance; we Juniors call it Pep and Stick-to-it-ive-ness.

If you have read his life, you have noticed that he was always busy—always doing something to win other men to love God and to do what is right. He was full of zeal, and he was forever overcoming obstacles. When everyone and every circumstance seemed to be against him, he did not become discouraged. He continued to persevere and to stick to his plan in spite of opposition.

At times, when some of the other Juniors in the class lose interest, or when it seems that the missions are "the other fellow's concern", we are tempted to say, "Oh, what's the use?" At such times, Juniors, we ought to remember that if we ourselves are persevering it counts for a lot. So keep up your pep, and stick to your good work for the missions, just as St. Francis Xavier did; you may be sure the results will come later.

Yours for more and more Stick-to-it-ive-ness!

*Father Chin*




## THE MISSIONER'S MOTHER GOOSE.

Old Mother Goose when she wanted to wander  
 Would ride through the air on a very fine gander,  
 Up hill and down hill and over the sea  
 The two would go flying as fast as could be  
 But often she'd stop and send us a letter  
 The funny old dear, she did love to chatter,  
 So here are the tales, such fun as they've been  
 To our youthful John Junior and old Father Chin!





*Brother always lunches heartily,  
A sturdy missionary to be.*

## DECEMBER PUZZLE ANSWERS

1. Advent
  2. Spruce (S, Ups, Korea, South, Chicago, E.)
  3. Epiphany
- Picture Puzzle: Socks, Towels, Mittens, Flashlight, Razor, Sweater, Gauze, Soap, Ball, Books.

## DECEMBER PRIZE WINNERS

Puzzles: Mary Louise Germain, Detroit, Mich.; Mary Downey, Jamaica Plain, Mass.; Francis McShane, Bridgeport, Conn.

Picture Puzzle: Mimi Worthington, Washington, D. C.; Salvatore Impastato, New Orleans, La.; Suzanne McGoldrick, Petaluma, Calif.

## CONTRIBUTIONS FROM CHINA

When you hear of missionaries going to China, does it ever occur to you how much we have received from the Chinese in art and civilization? Lacquer and porcelain first came to us from the Chinese. Missioners of the seventeenth century brought back much information from China, and the result was that Chinese gardens, pavilions and pagodas were reproduced by the wealthy people of Europe. Chinese models influenced the art of the times. Chinese colors and the Chinese style of painting became popular.

## THE MISSIONER'S QUEST

I should like very much, Father, to learn more about the missions and about the holy priests who go out to these lonely fields in search of more souls for Almighty God.  
*A Rochester Junior.*

WORK FOR THE MISSIONS





# THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR LEAGUE



## ANOTHER DOUBLE AWARD

A couple of months ago Father Chin had the honor of presenting a double award to a very active group of Juniors in Schenectady. Some weeks ago, he again dispatched Johnny Junior to the post office with the Junior League Banner and a statue of Blessed Théophane. The Banner was an award for activity, and the statue was the coveted prize of some young admirers of Blessed Théophane, for having secured fifty new subscriptions to *THE FIELD AFAR*. Johnny had instructions to forward them to the Juniors of St. Aemilian's, St. Francis, Wisconsin. A letter has just reached Father Chin, reading as follows:

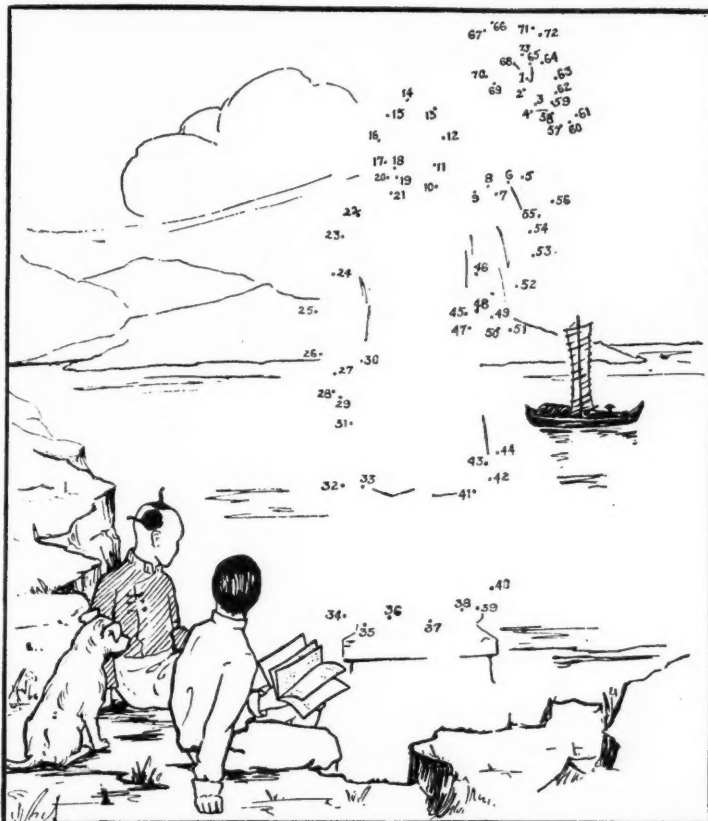
Our statue arrived today in good shape. We have put it in a conspicuous place where everybody who comes into the room can see it. We prayed one Our Father in thanksgiving for his safe journey. Now we are going to increase our prayers to him for you and your missions.

And that isn't saying what they thought of the Banner! Not content with two such achievements, they are working for some of the other subscription awards. Father Chin is very proud of his zealous Juniors at St. Aemilian's; if there were a prize for "stick-to-it-ive-ness" there isn't much doubt but what it would find its way to Wisconsin.

Get busy, Juniors; before long, there ought to be a Junior League Banner in the mail for you!



Brother studies till the day doth wane,  
To follow Blessed Théophane.



Sammy American is telling his Chinese Cousin about a great missionary saint. Follow the dots from No. 1 to No. 73, making a straight line between each of them, and then guess the name of the saint.

## MITEY MICKEY

(The curtain rises disclosing the inside of a shack in Micky's backyard. "Keep out" and "Beware" signs decorate the door. The walls are hung with wooden swords, ship models, toy pistols and pictures of cowboys. Two snow shovels each bear the name: "Mick and Pat, Inc., Shovelers of Snow and What Have you.")

MICKY: "Say, Pat, stop rubbing that nickel. The poor buffalo on it will be squealing in a minute. What are you going to do with it?"

PATSY: "I'm going to save it and go to the movies tomorrow afternoon to see Horrible Harry in "Six Cylinder Revenge!"

MICKY: "Aw, say listen, Pat, give the movies a rest. I have a better idea. Write to Father Chin and get a mite box for Lent. The missionaries need your nickels more than you."

PATSY: "I guess not. I'll go and see the show and let the movie man put the money in the mite box."

MICKY: "I'll tell you what. I'll make a proposition with you. If we get another job this morning, promise that you'll put your share of the profits in the mite box."

PATSY: "Well, I don't see why I should, but let's see—oh, all right, I promise." (Just at this time a voice is heard calling: "Mick-ee! Mick-ee! Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith called up and they want you and Pat to go over and clean their sidewalks.")

MICKY (Shouts): "Okay, Ma—Did you hear that, Pat?"

PATSY: "I guess I did all right. Well, it looks like a full mite box."

MICKY: "Yes, sir!"

Button up your overcoat,  
Wear your broadest smile and grin;  
Keep a look-out for those mites,  
They belong to Father Chin!

## BOOST THE LEAGUE



## Crusade Notes

**M**EDIEVAL knighthood—has decayed. We hear no more the echo of knighthood's refrain, "God wills it". The days of chivalry are numbered and the last spark of its glory and grandeur has been extinguished. Idealism in the twentieth century seems to be a myth. Mere fantasy and fable of the imagination, the tales of knightly honor appear. Ah, but idealism is not a myth. There is a knighthood of today. The sword is still being carried on to battle. Christianity which instituted medieval knighthood still provides for the world a knighthood. Ideals of Galahad live on. The Holy Grail is being elevated daily. The crusade for souls is being continually waged.—*Daniel Byrne in "Knights of Today", Oration at Cathedral College, New York City.*

Maryknoll knows that "Idealism is not a myth". The cooperation of untold Units bears eloquent testimony to its truth. The modern "good fight" may not have the glamour, the mysterious inexplicable romance with which time has invested the medieval—but for that, it is not the less vital, nor the less heroic. With his older brothers the twentieth century Galahad can truly say, "Bonum certamen certavi, cursum consummavi, fidem servavi".

**Crusaders! Lent is here. Make your resolutions concrete, practical, few. And having made them, give no quarter.**

### METHODS WE MEET

**U**NITS have different ways of showing their universal good will. For example, The Bishop McDonnell Memorial High School, Brooklyn, holds a record bazaar, nets a really startling amount, and immediately sets about distributing it to fortunate friends in the missions. Then St. Bonaventure's Seminary, New York, is one of the many who have a kind way of sending occasional "slight tokens". Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pa., in true collegiate fashion, forwards stringless, commentless checks. Others, like St. Columban's Preparatory Seminary, Silver Creek, N. Y., procure the entire Maryknoll bookshelf at one fell swoop. Others, following the lead of some "old faithfuls" of ours at Dunwoodie, do the same—and then repeat.

### FOR PALADINS

At your next meeting rest your lances and ride against these:

#### Pagan Views

On Baptisms—

(1) Christians believe in magic. If they don't why do they give Baptism to babies?

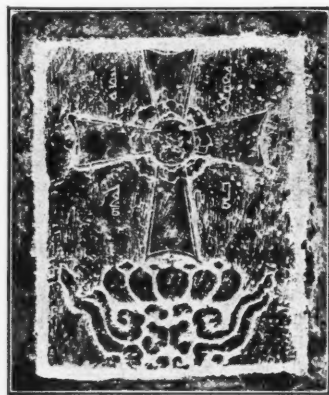
(2) What difference to the spirit can the wetting of the head make?

(3) Your God seems to have loved Abraham and Moses and they were not baptized. What need then that we be baptized?

**Did you receive our Lenten Poster for your Bulletin Board?**

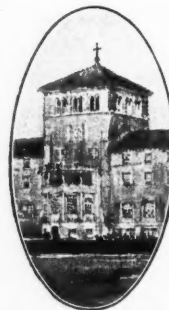
### A REMINDER

**I**F the Holy Father's wish that American youth be educated to adopt the motto of the Crusade, "The Sacred Heart for the World, the World for the Sacred Heart!" is to be realized a beginning must be made with the individual. We cannot give what we ourselves lack. The task of the Crusader is not only to do but also to be.



### A CROSS OF MYSTERY

**T**HIRTY miles outside of Peking is a deserted pagoda called "The Temple of the Cross". The cross which gives the pagoda its name is the keystone of the main arch of the temple and dates from A.D. 1366. Whose work is it? Who placed it in this position of honor? We have no answer. Marco Polo had spent years near this very temple over a half-century before and in his "Travels" he wrote of a Christian Prince Nayan whose standards bore the sign of the cross. Is this cross in the deserted pagoda Nayan's, and therefore—Christ's?



THE HOUSE THAT SACRIFICE BUILT

*The Vénard—where the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade Unit consists 100% of future missionaries. Does the education of your brothers-in-arms appeal to you as a "good work"? It is one of the most important on the list.*

### AT YOUR SERVICE

**I**N Lenten days when you have locked and bolted the theatres, a Maryknoll stereopticon lecture would brighten your days and enlighten your Unit on things missionary. The Lecture Bureau has on its list a goodly and representative assortment. Among the "best sellers" are to be found *Korea, Théophile Vénard, Maryknollers at Home and Abroad, Northern Japan, The Vatican Missionary Exposition, Just de Bretenières, and Lourdes and Its Mission Message*. There is no charge for the slides and manuscripts, but Units meet transportation expenses.

The Maryknoll bookshelf also offers grateful companionship for long afternoons when it is not the weather for sports, the time for study, nor the season for cinema.

**For your "feast of the month" why not choose the seventeenth?**

**I**NTEREST presupposes knowledge. Chairman, keep your unit in touch with current mission questions, events, problems. A well filled magazine rack is one means towards this end. The ever changing yet immutable drama of the Christian frontier has never been more exciting than it is today.

"I would blush to ask for martyrdom so long as I blushed not to refuse God small sacrifices."—*Just de Bretenières.*

"Sacrifices made for God have a sweetness and a joy unknown to the world."—*Henri Doré.*

"O my God, help me to say 'Thy will be done!'"—*Théophile Vénard.*

**SUPPORT A NATIVE SEMINARIAN**

## Circles

[A Maryknoll Mission Circle is a group of persons, young or old, who aim to cultivate in themselves and others a knowledge of Catholic foreign missions, to pray for the mission cause, and to help provide for the special needs of Maryknoll, at home and in the mission field. Circles formed in a parish are urged to secure the approval of their pastors and are requested to send their offerings through the diocesan mission office where such exists.]

### Address

Circle Director, Maryknoll, N. Y.

MARYKNOLL extends a hearty welcome to the newest Circles who have banded together to cooperate in the labors of American apostles for the souls of peoples still pagan.

The latest to enter our Circle ranks are the St. Margaret Circle of New York City; the Immaculate Heart Circle of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; and the Little Flower Missionary Circle of Frederick, Maryland.

Is there a Maryknoll Circle in your home town? There are doubtless among your acquaintances a number of persons interested in the missions, who would welcome the forming of a Circle, and the opportunity for organized effort in the mission cause. Why not write to the Maryknoll Circle Director for suggestions as to how to form a Circle?

Monsignor Ford has staunch friends in the Mission Relief Society of Brooklyn, N. Y. Before he set out in January on the return journey to the Maryknoll Kaying Mission in South China, of which he is the Prefect Apostolic, he was asked to address the Society. After the meeting, the members presented a generous donation to Monsignor Ford. The Mission Relief Society is supporting a native seminarian in Monsignor Ford's field.

The members of St. Francis Xavier Circle of Peabody, Massachusetts, are keenly interested in Father Chisholm's Korean mission, and often encourage this



A CIRCLE IN CHINA  
The orphanage at Loting was designed and executed by a Maryknoll Brother, Albert Staubli

Maryknoll missionary by money gifts.

Among the most urgent needs of Maryknoll missionaries in China and Korea are funds for the salaries of native catechists and the support of native seminarians. Native workers are indispensable for the foundation and progress of the Church in mission lands.

Generous stringless gifts have reached us from St. Peter's Circle of New York City; the Vénard Circle of Larchmont, N. Y.; and

the Little Flower Circle of White-stone, Long Island, N. Y.

St. Peter's Circle, and the Little Flower Circle also forwarded Mass stipends, a welcome provision now that the number of Maryknoll priests in different parts of the world is over one hundred and thirty.

In a work like ours, where unforeseen circumstances and needs are constantly coming to the fore in one or the other Maryknoll outpost, the stringless gift is the one which aids us most, since it leaves those at the helm free to apply the gift where the need is greatest.

The Catholic Charity Club of Larchmont, N. Y., have taken a room in the Maryknoll Sisters' Mother-House (which as yet exists only in our Sisters' hopes, and on the architect's blue prints); and are working steadily toward their goal of five hundred dollars, the sum required for the sponsoring of such a room.

For the further development of the Maryknoll Sisterhood, a permanent Mother-House is a vital necessity. Maryknoll is especially grateful at this time to those of our Circle friends who are mindful of this urgent need.

By this time, most of us have lost sight of Christmas presents, and are looking forward to Easter card deliveries. Between seasons though it be, we of Maryknoll wish to register a standing vote of thanks to good-hearted Circles, here and there across this wide country, who most pleasantly surprised our Superior General on his return from the Pacific Coast with a "stringless gift" of over seven hundred dollars.

BACK CHRIST'S ARMY

## The Month's Haul



To make us rejoice

**T**IMES are hard after the latest Wall Street crash, but Maryknoll rejoices in good friends who, even though money is scarce, find a way to relieve some of our burdens. It seems to be a maxim that the greater the need of some people, the more they deprive themselves, in order to advance the work of God.

During the past month, we were able, through the efforts of generous benefactors, to add three Burses to the list of those completed. Several "stringless gifts", two of them mounting up into three figures, chased the wrinkles from our Treasurer General's brow.

Student Aid was not forgotten; and a Memorial Room in our Major Seminary attracted a benefactor, anxious to share in the prayers of generations of American apostles. Seven wills matured; and notification reached us that we had been mentioned in four others.

While home needs were considered, the missions were not overlooked, and gifts designated for the support of native seminarians, for the salary of native catechists, for Bishop Walsh of Kongmoon, and for other Maryknollers in various mission fields reached our desk.

Last month's record for new FIELD AFAR subscribers was a few short of three thousand. These came from forty states.

May the interest to all our benefactors be eternal, at one thousand per cent, compounded millennially!

## NATIVE STUDENT BURSES

**O**NE of the three Burses completed last month was a Native Student Burse, which will provide in perpetuity for the support of a native seminarian in the Maryknoll Missions of China. This is the second Native Student Burse, both now completed, donated by two sisters in New York City. We rest assured that the zeal of these generous women will be rewarded by Him Who calls these Chinese boys to the priesthood, Jesus, the Eternal Priest.

## TO A ST. LOUIS FRIEND

**A** "STRINGLESS" gift of fifty dollars reached us recently from a St. Louis benefactor, who requested prayers, and a mention in THE FIELD AFAR of the purpose for which the gift was used.

We desire to notify this friend that the gift was used for one of our most urgent needs, native catechist support, and we also give the assurance of remembrance in Maryknoll prayers.

## COMPLETED DIOCESAN BURSES

St. Paul Archdiocese Burse.....	\$6,000
St. Paul Archdiocese Burse (Venard).....	6,000
Providence Diocese Burse.....	5,000
Fall River Diocese Burse.....	5,000
Cleveland Diocese Burse (4) each.....	5,000
Pittsburgh Diocese Burse(2).....	5,000
Columbus Diocese Burse.....	5,000
Philadelphia Archdiocese Burse.....	5,000

## NATIVE STUDENT BURSES

\$1,500 placed at interest will enable our missionaries to keep one Chinese aspirant to the priesthood at a seminary in China.

## OUR LADY OF LOURDES

BURSE.....	\$1,209.00
Little Flower Burse.....	1,127.28
M. J. D. Burse.....	1,000.00
Mary Mother of God Burse.....	808.13
SS. Ann and John Burse.....	800.00
Christ the King Burse, No. 2.....	700.00
Mater Admirabilis Burse.....	688.00
St. Ambrose Burse.....	500.00
Maryknoll Academia Burse.....	301.60
St. Patrick Burse.....	239.00

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## IN MEMORIAM

Your prayers are asked for the repose of the soul of the Rt. Rev. Alexander Berlioz of Hakodate, Japan, and those of:

V. Rev. E. N. Farmer, Mill Hill, London; Rev. E. P. Spillane; Rev. J. W. Corcoran; Rev. J. M. Fitzgerald; Sister Cecelia Agnes; Sr. M. Eupharsia Harding; Baroness Von Hoffman, Trentino, Italy; Mrs. J. A. Roe; Mrs. W. D. Tyler; Jas. E. McAlinden; Julia Agnes Frey; Mrs. C. Morgan; W. D. McIntosh; J. B. Donnewald; Thomas and Beatrice Dee; Emily A. Cowan; John White; Bridget Monahan; Maria Barry; Mrs. William Leahy; Thomas Fitzmaurice; Mrs. Coleman; Mary Louise Sweeney; John McGoff; Mary McCormick Barker; Mary A. Donahue; Agnes Parkhurst; William Dunn; P. C. Crowley; Mr. McArdle; Mary E. Kelly; Dr. Joseph Donnelly; James Prendergast; Felix McGee; Nicholas Spieles; Gertrude O'Connor; Mrs. Alice Berry; Ellen Theresa Rowe; Margaret Coburn; Mrs. Mary McGaffee; William Ryan; C. E. Buysee; Jos. J. Albrecht; William Jaqua.

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**Deceased:** Mary J. Nagle; Patrick F. Dickinson; Mary Ellen MacVeigh; Deceased of the Vensel Family; Jeremiah and Mary Sullivan; Katherine Dunne; Amann Barman; Mary T. Maloney; Ellen G. Cunningham; William H. Cunningham; John Cain; Bernard J. Murtha.



## AMERICAN STUDENT BURSES

A bursar is a sum of money drawing yearly interest which is applied to the board, housing and education of a student at the Maryknoll Seminary, or at one of its Preparatory Colleges.

FOR THE MAJOR SEMINARY  
(\$5,000 each)

FR. CHAPON BURSE.....	\$ 4,763.60
St. Michael Burse, No. 2.....	14,500.00
St. Patrick Burse.....	4,355.47
Fr. Chaminade Memorial Burse...	4,262.71
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Burse	4,050.00
St. Francis of Assisi Burse, No. 1.	14,000.00
St. Anthony Burse.....	3,985.13
Curé of Ars Burse.....	3,728.35
St. Anne Burse.....	3,694.83
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N. M. Burse.....	3,000.00
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Pius X Burse.....	2,853.30
Bishop Molloy Burse.....	2,851.00
Byrne Memorial Burse.....	2,759.25
Holy Child Jesus Burse.....	2,681.85
Marywood College Burse.....	2,325.50
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse....	2,231.19
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America Burse.....	1,421.28
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AN average of about one hundred thousand copies of THE FIELD AFAR were printed monthly last year. As we have no professional agents, the circulation varies largely with the number of our priests "on propaganda", and with the size of the congregations which they address. For some months past, we could spare only two priests for this special work, and their call for subscriptions was not confined to large churches.

At the beginning of 1930, the circulation of this "read-from-cover-to-cover" paper was under the one hundred thousand line. Perhaps you will say to us, "Don't worry, Maryknoll, you have plenty of friends left."

What you say is quite true, and, as a matter of fact, we don't worry, because this work is not ours, and He in Whose interest it was begun will provide for its de-

velopment. Besides, our list of permanent subscribers lengthens yearly. We refer not only to perpetual members, each of whom is entitled to a life subscription; but to others, on whom the FIELD AFAR has grown, as a habit not easily to be dispensed with.

We realize, however, that success, even in works for God, calls for constant effort and for coöperation; and that is why, from time to time, we call on friends to make their friends ours.

Suppose you were to secure one new subscriber to THE FIELD AFAR? It is possible that you would thereby be instrumental (to a degree of which you are not in the least conscious) in extending the Kingdom of Christ. Your action might bring substantial offerings to the missions, or very effective prayers, or possibly, a vocation. Why not try?

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